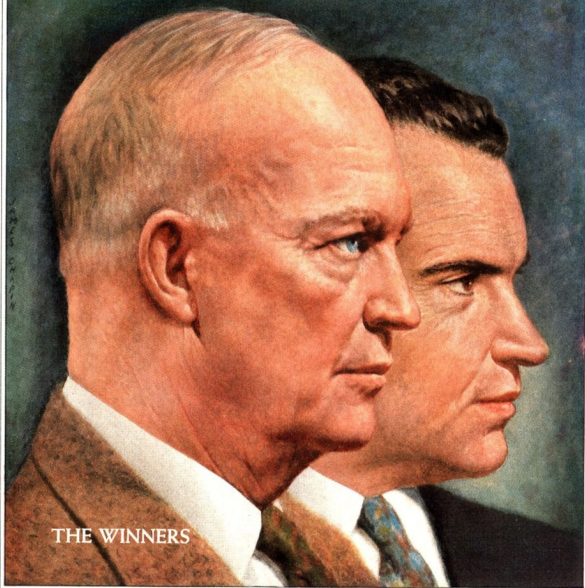


ELECTION ISSUE

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



THE WINNERS

\$6.00 A YEAR

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VOL. LXVIII NO. 20



Unlike any pen in this world...or any other!

Parker 61

*The only fountain pen that fills itself by itself
...it has no moving parts!*

Startling in its newness is the Parker 61. It is more than improvement—it is invention, inspired invention, *tomorrow* in the form of a pen.

Its crisp, sophisticated lines show the skill with which it has been designed—it has the elegance of great simplicity. And great simplicity marks its operation, too, for the Parker 61 pen fills itself by itself in 10 seconds—no pumping, squeezing, twisting, nothing. It has no moving part to get out of order. Its ink capacity is oversize. With its new capillary ink system the Parker 61 writes a clean, clear line—even when it's upside down or high in the sky.

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The Parker 61, alone among fountain pens, fills itself by itself. It fills itself cleanly, through the end opposite the point. It's done by capillary action in just 10 seconds—the shining point need never be dipped in ink.



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Exciting Music Treasures in high fidelity YES for only 10¢ **ALL 9 COMPLETE WORKS** on One 12" High-Fidelity 33 1/3 rpm Long-Playing Record

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4 BACCHANALE

FROM SAMSON AND DELILAH

SAINT-SAENS' sensuous, exotic ballet music

5 ROMAN CARNIVAL Overture

BERLIOZ' thrillingly colorful overture

6 FLIGHT of the BUMBLE BEE

RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF's dazzling miniature tone poem

7 GRAND MARCH from AIDA

VERDI's magnificent poem of triumph

8 BARBER of SEVILLE Overture

ROSSINI's tuneful, rollicking score

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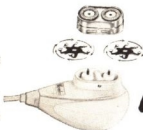
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Exclusive with Norelco, Rotary Blades are electric shaving's first basic improvement in 22 years.



Discover for yourself why this remarkable precision shaving instrument is the largest-selling electric shaver in the world, the fastest-growing shaver in the U.S. today . . . the best investment you can make in shaving comfort.

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Ask about 15 day FREE home trial. Offered by most drug, jewelry, appliance and department stores.

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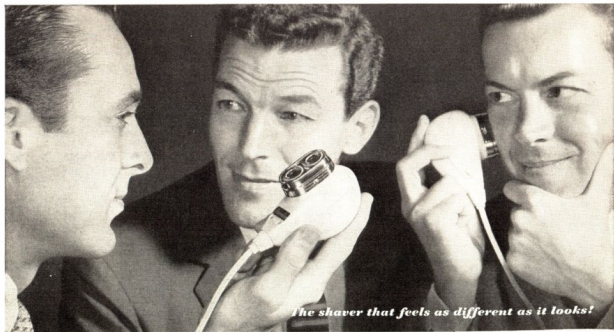
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Model SC7759
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flashlight batteries, car light-
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See Norelco's Exciting New TV Spectacular—the "JAZZ AGE"—story of the Roaring Twenties—Thursday Evening, December 6, NBC-TV Network.

Thou that hast given
so much to us,
give one thing more...
a grateful heart.

...George Herbert
1620



Don Lupo



GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT TELEPHONE SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1956

(R.P.)



The Little Gray Box

Quite a few TIME readers, outside the New York and Boston areas, have written asking where they, too, may buy famous ROGERS PEET CLOTHES.

There's a 'little gray box' in fine stores throughout the country. In it you'll find several hundred swatches of the latest and finest in domestic and imported fabrics representing Rogers Peet Custom Made Clothes.

There are sharkskins, flannels, clear cut and unfinished worsteds, chevots, saxones, tweeds, crashees, cashmires, gabardines, silk & wool blends, linens, cotton & linen blends, and others.

From these you may select the desired weight, weave, pattern and color and we will tailor it to your individual measure. Your garment will be lined and trimmed with just as equally fine complementary materials.

Rogers Peet designers are recognized as being creators of completely authoritative fashions. You'll find current trend styles for young men and those for men with more classic preferences.

In addition, there are good selections of Rogers Peet ready made clothes at Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co. in Chicago, J. W. Robinson Co. in Los Angeles, M. & H. H. Sichel in Portland, Norton Ditto in Houston, Parks-Chambers in Atlanta and at other fine stores of similar character from coast to coast. We'll be pleased to give you the name of the store nearest you carrying Rogers Peet Clothes. Just write:

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company

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(R.P.)

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir:
I bet it will be Nasser.
EDDY A. SALVO
Los Angeles

Sir:
He must be no other than President Sukarno of the Republic of Indonesia.

Jamaica, N.Y.
ARIFIN BEY

Sir:
Ike.
JULIUS M. WESTHEIMER
Baltimore

The H-Bomb

Sir:
Adlai's proposal matches Ike's "I will go to Korea" of 1952. Stevenson will be hailed by people all over the world.

LEWIS A. LINCOLN
Denver

Sir:
Adlai Stevenson, by insisting on making a primary issue of stopping the H-bomb tests and eliminating the draft, is playing the Russians' game. Any time Moscow agrees with any of our policies, they cannot be beneficial to us.

ERNEST GARDIOS
Sebring, Fla.

Sir:
I'll bet that Stevenson's grinning picture now hangs next to B. & K.'s in Russian homes.

ROBERT PERRET
Colomba, Guatemala

Prima Donna

Sir:
Instead of presenting Maria Callas [Oct. 29] as a true diva—one who is generous, dignified and kind—you only succeed in impressing me that she is an over-indulged, selfish, unforgiving egocentric.

MARIE GRACE
Cleveland

Sir:
Your story on callous Callas was something. But your Koerner cover was something better. More of his covers please.

ROSE D. ROMAN
Bellingham, Mass.

Sir:
The controversial Mme. C. doubtless has earned her news space, but in this year of the

Callas Met debut, may one respectfully request equal time for several other singers whose careers are based on their beautiful voices? Such artists have come by their fame the only way an operatic artist should—by their voices and not by their tantrums or their psychotic revenge drives.

JOHN FISHER
Quincy, Mass.

Brain Bashing

Sir:
The art of biocontrol—turning men into robots [TIME, Oct. 15]—as expounded by Engineer Curtiss Schafer is the most chilling scientific vision in many a year. For man to be enslaved by electrical processes, his spirit and genius and upward thrust mechanically coerced and molded to the will of a malignant Grand Inquisitor—this is the final madness.

(THE REV.) JOHN W. CRANDALL
Wells Memorial Presbyterian Church
Brooklyn

Sir:
Perhaps, monetarily speaking, a Westinghouse robot does cost more than a child. Our last baby cost me months of illness and \$1,000. How do I stack up with Westinghouse production?

MARY H. ARCHER
Melbourne, Fla.

Portrait of Christ

Sir:
Contrast the picture of courageous Bishop Ordass shown in your Oct. 22 Religion section with the picture of Christ I'll water the true Christ looked more like Bishop Ordass and the Middle Ages' conception of Christ than the silly, grinning, effeminate, puffy-checked companion by Painter Ivan Pusecker.

(THE REV.) CARL KISSLING
First United Presbyterian Church
Denver

Negroes in the News

Sir:
Your Oct. 29 article on Negroes in the U.S. press contains a misleading quotation, attributed to me, with reference to the use of "Negro" in Denver Post stories. We made no reference to Negroes being involved in the Aug. 24 A.P. story from Wuerzburg about the sentencing of seven American soldiers for rape; but in a Washington wire story of the same date, quoting Representative Powell's letter from Europe that the "racial situation [there] is extremely bad," we did leave in the sentence: "All seven are Negroes." Since the story hinged upon Representative Powell's

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TIME
November 12, 1956

Volume LXVIII
Number 20

TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1956

This is the story of an actual family insured by The Travelers; to safeguard privacy, different names and pictures have been used.



"\$51.75 a month means we'll keep our good life for good"

YOU'RE LOOKING at a young father who's coming home to a bushel of hugs.

Jerry Darrow wouldn't change for anything the full and happy life he provides for Eleanore and the two children. That's why he has arranged for them to enjoy it for keeps—through the protection of a balanced Travelers insurance program.

On the recommendation of his Travelers agent, Jerry made Life insurance the first safeguard for the Darrows' way of life. His program, besides offering immediate protection for the family, provides cash readily available for emergencies.

And, looking to the future, Jerry is going to add insurance for his retirement.

Carefully planned Life insurance, however, is just one of the many important steps that Jerry Darrow has taken to secure the precious family values his \$541.67-a-month salary buys.

\$51.75

The Darrows are on their way toward American Family Independence—fuller enjoyment of the present through the elimination of financial worries about the future. They have a balanced program of

insurance that affords protection not only for their lives and home, but their health, car, and other valuable possessions as well. And their program costs only \$51.75 a month.

They have worked out all this with their Travelers man, of course. He is the agent best equipped to advise them because his company offers *all kinds of insurance*.

Why not call in the Travelers agent or broker in your neighborhood to show you the way to *your* American Family Independence?



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All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds



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"That's what automotive engineers say about motor oil made from *nature's finest crude*... Pennsylvania."

From crude to crankcase, every brand of Pennsylvania motor oil has outstanding *natural* advantages that make it *best* for protecting and lubricating today's high-speed, precision-fitted engines.

Take a tip from Pete Penn. At your next oil change, refill with a brand of Pennsylvania motor oil... available at good dealers around the world.

Today's BEST Oils

Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means *Pennsylvania!*

INSIST ON A BRAND OF

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Motor Oil

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
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references to "racial tension," the identification of defendants as Negroes was essential to the whole story's meaning.

The *Denver Post's* rule requires that identification by race be made only under circumstances such as above. Only then do we feel that we "owe it to our readers" to make such identifications.

MORT STERN
Managing Editor

The *Denver Post*
Denver

Sir:

Your article reported that the New York *Journal-American* had gone to the absurd extreme of describing a wanted kidnaper in close detail without mentioning that she was a Negro. Your comment evidently inspired contrition at the *Journal-American*, whose Managing Editor Sam H. Day was big enough to write a column admitting that his paper had erred. He wrote:

"... Reporters and rewrite men have been told that it is unnecessary to say that a person is a Negro in a story involving crime, unless the use of a full description is a necessary part of the story. It is considered essential when it is desired to describe a fugitive. But... we make mistakes."

"The reporter [in the recent case] was mindful of instructions, and included a complete police description of the suspected kidnaper, including the fact that she was a Negro. Unfortunately, the word Negro caught the eye of a responsible editor as he glanced through a proof. He reacted automatically, deleted the offending word... He was wrong, but there was no harm done, and who can criticize a fellow for trying to spare someone possible pain? We have also erred in using the word Negro when it was unnecessary."

"We are not alone in this policy of not identifying Negroes involved in misdeeds. Most northern newspapers act similarly. This has led our editor friends in the South to accuse us of suppressing news. We plead guilty, with extenuation... Economic barriers which keep many [Negroes] unemployed help contribute to acts of petty thievery from which criminal statistics are made. We don't see how emphasis on their misdeeds will help these people, or hasten their adjustment to city life..."

JOSEPH J. MCCOV

Peebleskill, N.Y.

What Are Protestants?

Sir:

Being a student of religions, I appreciated your Oct. 15 map of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the U.S. It was instructive yet confusing—instructive, because it shows that Protestantism is prominent in the South, where the unchristian racial hatred is highest. Confusing, because I wonder if the National Council of Churches includes in its Protestant percentages the "technical" Protestants, as Episcopals, etc., and the "statistical" Protestants, as Christian Scientists, Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses, Seventh-Day Adventists, Swedenborgians, Unitarians, etc.

G. BAROIS

La Brelle, France

Sir:

Before classifying Utah as a predominantly Protestant state, wouldn't it be wise for the National Council of Churches to ask the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints if it is Protestant or not? Utah could just as well be classified as Catholic as Protestant since we resemble that religion as much as the other. Actually we are neither and would just as leave not have either classification forced upon us.

H. J. DAVIDSON, M.D.

Manti, Utah

¶ The Council's research experts counted as Protestants a number of church bodies which do not themselves accept the term, including Mormons and a dozen or so minor sect groups. Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian Scientists and Swedenborgians are not included in the survey.—Ed.

Gung Home

Sir:

TIME's Oct. 29 story on the marine wives in Japan is confusing in its reference to dependents who had come to Japan on long-term visas. In not allowing marines to bring their families to Japan and Okinawa at Government expense (although the other U.S. military services here provide travel and housing for dependents), the Marine Corps said: "The commandant does not consider the military situation appropriate to permit dependents to accompany, or later join overseas, members of Fleet Marine Force units assigned to the Far East." A number of marines here have interpreted this as not expressly forbidding bringing wives and children to Japan, if done at their own expense. In some cases, "specified" visas have been issued by Japanese consulates specifying that [marines' families] are entering Japan as dependents. It is these dependents that the Corps is now trying to get to go home. Unfortunately for the Corps' contention that the military situation is the controlling factor, the no-dependents policy does not (and cannot) apply to marines who have married Japanese wives after they got here.

CURTIS PRENDERGAST

Tokyo

Sir:

Haven't you heard? The Old Corps-New Corps issue is obsolete. Now it's BP (Before Pat) and AP (After Pat).

JAMES W. TOUMEY

Cambridge, Mass.

Hot Under the Color

Sir:

The TIME staffer who wrote the Oct. 22 color TV article "Faded Rainbow" should be sentenced to black and white for the rest of his misinformed life.

ALAN STEINERT

Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

TIME's assertion that color TV is an industrial flop is untrue. TIME chooses to feature anti-color TV statements by the presidents of two of RCA's biggest competitors, whose companies achieved their first success in black-and-white TV years after RCA's David Sarnoff pioneered in that field, and then only by using inventions made by RCA's famed scientists and engineers. TIME's article opened with the loaded question, "What's wrong with color TV?" You then proceeded to answer the question with disparaging propaganda spoken by those who would hold back color television.

ROBERT L. WERNER
Vice President

Radio Corp. of America
New York City

Sir:

I for one am not a bit surprised that color TV's a "resounding flop." G.E. President Ralph J. Cordiner is right, and the trouble is that the system now in use is much too complex, too fussy as to its internal adjustments. In effect, it is a magnificent laboratory toy, utterly out of place in an ordinary home.

KERRY GAULDER

Burlington, Ont.

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THE *FORWARD LOOK*

THE NEWEST

NEW CARS

IN 20 YEARS!

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that carpets the road . . . revolutionary new Total-Contact Brakes . . . and the newest, smoothest automatic transmission, Pushbutton TorqueFlite.

See your dealer now and discover how much more newness, how much more value you get in every price range—in a 1957 car from The Forward Look!

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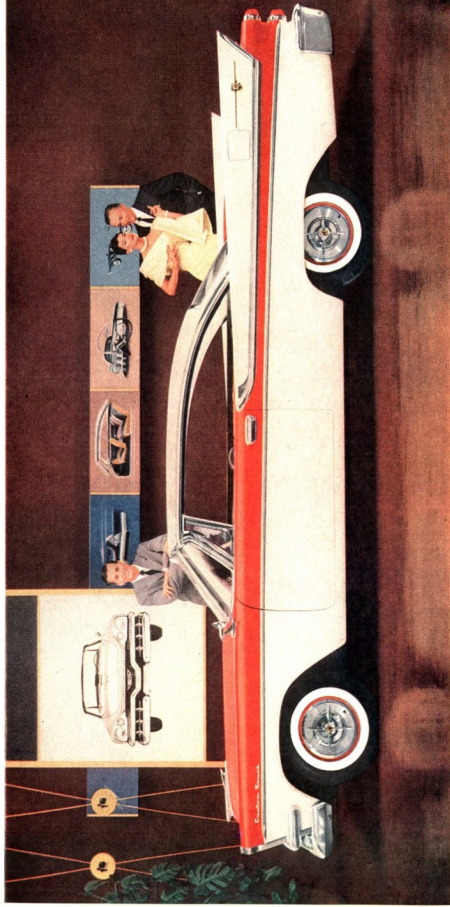


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Step into the wonderful world of AUTODYNAMICS!



Swept-Wing '57 Dodge Custom Royal Lancer 2-Door with dramatic High-Sweep styling.

*It unleashes a hurricane of power
It breaks through the vibration barrier
It is swept-wing mastery of motion*



Autodynamics . . . where everything is new from road to roof! You sweep along in a low-slung, swept-wing beauty barely 4½ feet high, cushioned in a "Realm of Silence" by new Torsion-Aire Ride. A touch of your toe unleashes a hurricane of power, tamed to your command by new Push-Button Torque-Flite Drive that packs a 1-2 punch. You have never seen, felt, owned anything like it.

SWEPT-WING
'57 Dodge

1957

DE SOTO



FIREFLITE SPORTSMAN BY DE SOTO, GOWNS BY I. MAGNIN

These great advances make the
'57 DE SOTO the most exciting car
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New Flight Sweep styling. For 1957 DeSoto presents the new shape of motion! Long, upswept tail fins; sleek, lower-than-ever lines; 40% more glass area.

New Torque-Flite transmission. Most advanced transmission ever built! Tremendous getaway and passing power . . . velvet-smooth acceleration.

New Torsion-Aire ride. Here is the smoothest ride you've ever had in an automobile. You take corners without lean or sway. Braking is level as a table top.

New super-powered V-8 engines. There are three powerful new De Soto V-8's to choose from . . . with higher-than-ever horsepower for safer passing.

New Push-Button control. Simply touch a button of De Soto's new Triple-Range push-button control—and you're on your way!

New 4-Season air conditioner. Mounted out of the way under the dash—it *cools* in summer, *heats* in winter . . . one simple set of controls.

New interior features. Exciting new fabrics, smart accenting trim, new flight-styled instrument panel.

Your choice of every advanced power feature. See the most exciting car in the world today at your neighborhood De Soto-Plymouth dealer's.

De Soto dealers present

Groucho Marx in "You Bet Your Life" on NBC radio and TV



Be sure to see the new
De Soto FireSweep
Priced just above the lowest!

The Most Exciting
Value in the World Today
See it! Drive it! Price it!



ANNOUNCING FOR 1957

THE MIGHTY CHRYSLER

The most glamorous car in a generation

Chrysler on-the-move presents . . .

Sweeping new advances in the dramatic Forward Look styling which so many other cars are only now beginning to copy.

New Torsion-Aire ride . . . a completely different kind of motion without lunge, lean or lurch . . . based on entirely new principles of automotive suspension.

New pushbutton TorqueFlite transmission which

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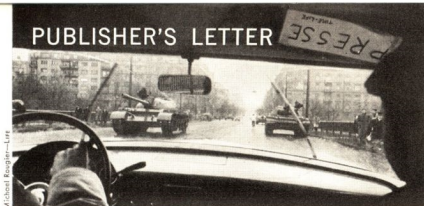
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER



Michael Rappaport-Lin

BUDAPEST STREET SCENE FROM TIME'S PRESS CAR

Dear TIME-Reader:

AS THE U.S.'s domestic correspondents reported the U.S.'s orderly process of decision by ballots for this issue, teams of our reporters and photographers in Middle Europe and the Middle East covered the grim struggles of other peoples to force decision by bullets. To bring you the latest developments in these momentous events, Foreign News Editor Thomas Griffith, just returned from Egypt, and National Affairs Editor Louis Banks kept their sections open from 48 to 65 hours beyond the usual Sunday-night closing deadline.

First tipoff to what was afoot in the Middle East came to us from Israel. Correspondent Monica Dehn one evening when she went shopping. Milling about her neighborhood grocery in Jerusalem were grim-faced men customers in brand-new uniforms. That was enough for Monica, who pointed up Israel's tough intentions as early as last January in her reports for our Ben-Gurion cover story. She found safe shelter for her two small children outside Tel Aviv and moved into base position at the Hotel Dan in time to become a war correspondent.

Soon she was joined by George de Carvalho from our Rome office. Other TIME staffers streamed out of our European bureaus heading for the Middle East. Among them were Paris Bureau Chief Frank White and Rafael Steinberg from London, who went to Cyprus to join the British-French forces. John

Mecklin opened an Arab listening post in Beirut. Keith Wheeler and Abu Said were in second-front position at Amman, Jordan.

In Middle Europe, a seven-man TIME-Life team, including Vienna Correspondent Edgar Clark and Paris' Tim Foote, who was later wounded (see Press), covered the fighting in Budapest, relaying their reports through Bonn Bureau Chief James Bell, who operated out of Clark's basement in Vienna. Our team was "adopted" by the then high-spirited rebels, about whom Bell cabled: "They were extraordinarily brave and cooperative people who wanted the West to get the full story. They led our reporters into battles, got them the best observation points, guarded them against ambush, even shared their food (thin soup, goose fat and bread)." When Russians captured our Bonn office's 1956 Ford (see cut) and consigned it to a tank pool, the friendly rebels recovered it undamaged with its valuable load of camera equipment intact.

By the time Russian reinforcements stormed into Hungary, Clark was our only staffer left in the capital and, with outside communication cut off, he made for the Austrian frontier to get his story out. Clark and a convoy of U.S. legation dependents were stopped by Mongol-manned Red tanks at the border, held there for two days and then allowed to cross.

Cordially yours,

James A. Lisen

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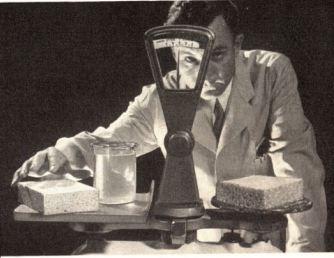
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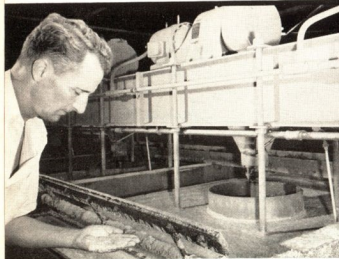
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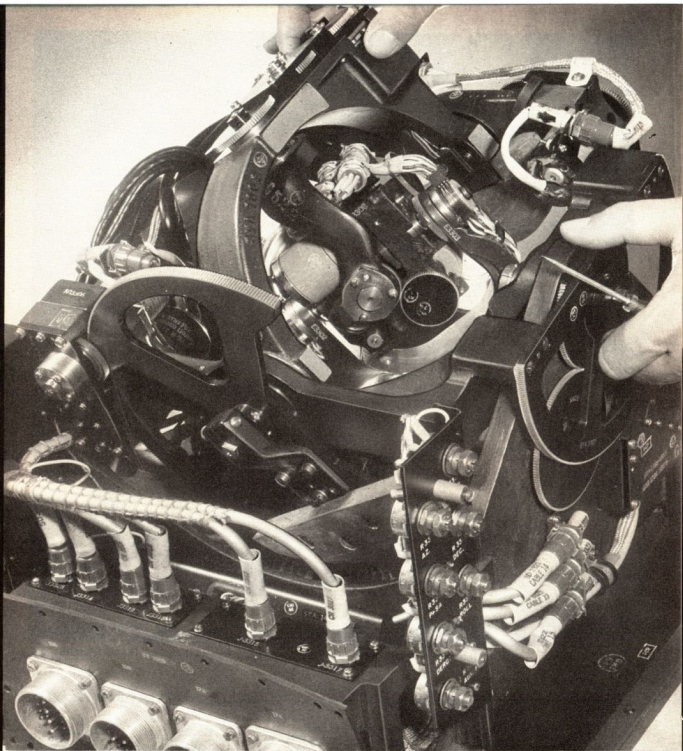
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**General
Mills**



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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Man of the Hour

Crowded as it was by the turbulent sweep of events in Hungary and the Middle East, the U.S. election nonetheless made history of its own. By a shattering and startling landslide of 457 electoral votes to 74 (Wednesday a.m.), the U.S. awarded Dwight D. Eisenhower a second term in the greatest personal vote of confidence since F.D.R. in 1936.

At home, a second term for Eisenhower-Nixon meant that a new political generation had come of age with promising concepts of how government ought to be run (*see below*). Abroad, the landslide showed foreign friends and foes that the U.S., with its skills, strength and spiritual potential, stood with astonishing unity beside a just, firm man who defines his policies in quiet phrases, such as: "Conscience rather than force is the key to action."

Even as the voters crowded to the polls, President Eisenhower was taking a stand for justice and law amid the tangle of a baffling and dangerous double crisis. On the one hand, Israel, France and Great Britain joined in an attack on Egypt (*see FOREIGN NEWS*), thereby creating a yawning breach in the Western alliance as the U.S. deplored the resort to force. On the other hand, the Russians were raging through Hungary, grinding down the anti-Communist freedom fighters, even gesturing menacingly in the direction of Hungary's neutral neighbor, Austria.

Eisenhower kept a close watch and a cool head. In stern and unequivocal language he warned Russia's Bulgarians that any intervention by Russian troops in the Middle East war was "unthinkable"; he added afterwards that any Russian move against Austria would be considered by the U.S. as "a grave threat to peace." Meanwhile he worked patiently to repair the physical and moral basis of the Western alliance, so as to confront the probing Russians with a united Western front. In a decisive speech on the crisis from the White House (*see page 20*), Eisenhower proclaimed to all sides: "There can be no peace without law."

By the day before the election the bits and pieces of the crisis were beginning to fit back into place as the British and French agreed to order a cease-fire. No nation, the free world had relearned, could afford to divert its attention very long or very far from the Soviets, always the threat, always implacable, always there.

"Take Care of My Boy"

In his place in the vortex of the crisis last week, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles was suddenly stricken with acute abdominal pains and moved to Walter Reed Army Hospital. There Dulles, 68, lay on the operating table for 2½ hours while surgeons snipped a piece of tissue



THE PRESIDENT & VICE PRESIDENT
A victory unique in the 20th century.

Associated Press

about 1½ inches in diameter from his large intestine, bottled it and shot it by pneumatic tube to the hospital's pathological labs for a routine biopsy. Next day the surgeons reported their finding: cancer of the lower intestine. But they added: there is "no evidence whatsoever of extension of this lesion to any other organ."

At the White House the President issued a statement praising the work of his "invaluable associate." Until Dulles could resume his full duties, said Ike (hopeful estimate: six weeks), the "splendid State Department staff headed by Herbert Hoover Jr. will operate in his stead." Later Sunday morning Ike dropped in on Dulles to talk foreign policy for 15 minutes. As he left, the President turned and said quietly to the senior surgeon: "Take good care of my boy. I need him."

THE ELECTION

The Avalanche

The Eisenhower avalanche was awesome in its force and fury. It crushed Democrat Adlai Stevenson in the entire Northeast, swept across Midwestern farmlands with a setback only in Missouri, shattered Democratic presidential hopes

on the Pacific Coast and burst through traditional Democratic barriers in the South—where Ike carried Texas, Florida, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and, unbelievably, Louisiana. It tore city after city—from Jersey City to Chicago to Montgomery—from the Democratic grasp. It cut across nearly all racial, religious, ethnic and economic lines. It gave Dwight Eisenhower a victory surging toward the 10 million plurality mark, with about 58% of the U.S. vote, and victories in 41 states.

The immensity of the Eisenhower triumph made it inconceivable that he would not carry other Republicans with him. But millions of U.S. voters split their tickets in an astonishing personal tribute to the President. Thus, while Ike won Washington State handily and missed only

by a hairsbreadth in Missouri, Washington's Democratic Senator Warren Magnuson and Missouri's Democratic Senator Thomas C. Hennings Jr. notably wrecked their Republican opponents by rolling up more votes than Ike in their states. More than 15 hours after the polls closed, his party was still in a struggle for control of both the U.S. Senate and House of Representatives—a fact that made shaky even Ike's own claim that his was a victory for "modern Republicanism."

Adlai Stevenson had based his hopes on the Solid South, on farm discontent in the Midwest, on the labor vote in the cities of the industrial North and on his party's longtime hold on racial, religious and ethnic minorities. One after another, those hopes were smashed.

The Splintered South. Nearly all observers had predicted that the South, with the exception of Florida, would return to the Democrats. A States Rights ticket headed by former Internal Revenue Commissioner T. Coleman Andrews was expected to cut significantly into Eisenhower's vote. But the third-party movement was a complete flop. Southern Negroes, on the other hand, turned strongly toward Eisenhower. Four Negro districts in Richmond had gone more than five to one for Stevenson in 1952; this time they stood more than two to one for Ike. In Atlanta, Negroes voted about four to one for Eisenhower. Negroes helped Eisenhower (and Republican Senatorial Candidate John Sherman Cooper) carry Kentucky by contributing to Ike's 34,000 plurality in Louisville. In winning Florida's vital Dade County (Miami) by 23,000 votes, Ike took five of twelve Negro districts. And Negro switches played a crucial part in the most remarkable Eisenhower victory of all: Louisiana, Democratic since 1876.

Texas Democrats were torn between their liberal, moderate and conservative factions—and Ike won the state by 186,000. West Virginia Democrats suffered because of corruption charges against their state administration. But more than anything else, the Eisenhower showing in the South was attributable to the fact that voters rose above their civil-rights grievances and resentments to cast a solid vote of approval for Dwight Eisenhower as a world leader in a time of crisis.

The Midwestern Revolt. The much-touted farm revolt barely affected Ike himself. In Minnesota's prosperous Deerfield township, for example, Ike was down by twelve percentage points from 1952—but he stood at a still healthy 64.5%. In Iowa, votes ranging up to 63% in well-to-do farm districts more than compensated for losses in drought-stricken areas. Eisenhower even won some low-income Kentucky farm districts that had gone for Stevenson by as much as 75% in 1952. Only in Missouri did Stevenson manage to stem the Eisenhower tide—and that state's reversal of its 1952 vote was due less to the farm revolt than to a wretched Republican machine, a strong Democratic state ticket, and a smooth Democratic organization.



WASHINGTON'S MAGNUSON
Against the tide.

East of the Mississippi, Ike took everything in sight—and he helped many another Republican candidate to victory: e.g., in Illinois, Republican Senator Everett Dirksen and G.O.P. Governor William Strickland would have been beaten had it not been for the Eisenhower coattails. It was in the Northeast that Republicans made their greatest House gains.

The industrial cities were a key to the election (see box). From the moment Ike carried industrial Bridgeport by 18,970 (v. 314 votes in 1952), the avalanche was in the making. The victory in Chicago was a true political wonder. Items:

- ¶ The 59th precinct of the 13th ward is accurately known as "Little Lithuania." Its voters know what it means to be ground under the heel of Russian oppression. Ike won the precinct by 53.3% in 1952. This time he took 66.4%.
- ¶ The 76th precinct of the 13th ward is heavily Italian. Ike came from 44.4% in 1952 to 53.3% this year.
- ¶ The 41st precinct of the 16th ward is a low-income Negro district. Ike lost it in 1952, scoring a paltry 25.5%. This time he received 41%—and Negro switches of similar size were reported in city after city of the Northeast.
- ¶ The 44th precinct of the 18th ward is middle-income Irish. It gave Eisenhower only 40.7% of its 1952 vote. In 1956 he won 50.4%.

The immensity of his personal victory placed Dwight Eisenhower in a position unique in U.S. political history. As has no other President, he towers above his own political party. In other words, even with his epochal assist, the G.O.P. came perilously close to disaster. Ike is pledged to remake the Republican Party in the next four years, and his success in keeping the pledge may well decide its electoral future. He has powerful logic on his side: after 1956 it will be a foolhardy Republican who defies his wishes.

THE PRESIDENCY

The People's Choice

(See Cover)

At 11:15 a.m. on a clear, blue Pennsylvania Election Day, the new couple from the farm over on Route 10 stepped into the one-room, white clapboard Cumberland Township election house outside Gettysburg. They identified themselves to an election official, and workers at the roughhewn wooden table checked their names in the record books. "Housewife," said the listing of the woman's occupation. After her husband's name, the record read: "President of the United States."

Under the light of four naked electric light bulbs, by the heat of a small oil stove, the President of the U.S. marked his ballot in the election of 1956. It took him just 45 seconds. For Mamie Eisenhower, the process was somewhat longer. She popped out of the booth to ask if one X would take care of the whole ticket. Assured that it would, she marked her ballot, and said: "Fine, that takes care of everything." Then she and her husband dropped their ballots in the battered, wooden ballot box that showed the wear and tear of many elections, and headed back to the farm.

"That's Swell!" Within minutes President Eisenhower was flying back to the White House (Mamie returned by car later in the day). There, as he had during most of the closing week of the campaign, he turned his attention away from politics and toward the tense international scene. He talked on the telephone with British Prime Minister Anthony Eden, sent off messages on the cease-fire to France's Premier Guy Mollet and to India's Prime Minister Nehru; he met with his defense and diplomatic advisers to discuss the whole pattern of developments in Europe.

But by 7:30 p.m. the President was engaged in the pursuit that occupied most citizens of the land. Dressed in sports coat and slacks, he sat down to dinner in the living room on the second floor of the White House with Mamie, his son, Major John Eisenhower, and John's wife, Barbara. Their table was placed before the television set so they could watch the early returns. When Presidential News Secretary James Hagerty brought in press reports that the President had swept Connecticut and that Republican U.S. Senator Prescott Bush was re-elected, Ike's reaction was a broad smile and an exultant "That's swell."

"Principles & Ideals." Through the evening, as the size of the victory rolled into a landslide and then into an avalanche, President Eisenhower kept no chart as Franklin Roosevelt had done on election nights. He depended entirely on the television set and press reports brought in by Secretary Hagerty and son John. At 10 o'clock, as previously planned, he dressed and rode off to the Sheraton-Park Hotel, where the Republican National Committee had set up its victory headquarters. There, surrounded by members of his Cabinet and other close associates, preparing to make his victory appearance

before 2,300 cheering Republicans in the hotel's ballroom (and on the nation's television screens), he refused to watch Adlai Stevenson's television concession of defeat. He had not looked at Stevenson during the campaign, he said, and he did not intend to start at that late hour.

"We Want Ike!" chanted the 2,300 in the ballroom as the President and Mrs. Eisenhower, the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon made their entrance. Before the cheering, celebrating throng the President was solemn. Said he: "It is a very heart-warming experience to know that your labors, your efforts of four years have achieved that level where they are approved by the United States of America in a vote. Such a vote as that cannot be merely for an individual. It is for principles and ideals for which that individual and his associates have stood and have tried to exemplify."

A Deeper Base. From the start of the campaign, there had never been any real doubt that the people of the U.S., by their vote, would approve the principles and ideals of the Eisenhower Administration. But it was not a victory without obstacles. Candidate Eisenhower had to come back from a heart attack and prove to himself and the people that he was again well enough to assume the full burdens of the presidency. Then he had to confront another opponent in the form of an ailment that few Americans could identify or spell—ileitis. But he defeated both,

and his health was never an important issue in the campaign. One big reason: everywhere he went, the people saw a picture of good, vigorous, glowing health.

Politically, his opponent was not so much Adlai Stevenson as it was the Democratic Party. But from the time the President first took to the campaign trail, there was every indication that he would also defeat that foe. Everywhere he went—from Peoria to Portland, Ore. to Miami to Philadelphia—cheering, applauding crowds poured out to greet him. Democratic campaigners sought to establish that their candidate was the "man of the people" in this election, but the President's welcome all across the U.S. and his votes on Election Day showed that the people knew their man.

What had Dwight Eisenhower and his Administration given the people of the U.S. that brought their overwhelming approval? The Republican campaign slogan summed it up well: peace, progress and prosperity. The Eisenhower Administration had ended one hopeless war and had kept the sparks of new wars from landing on the U.S. Under new economic policies, the U.S. had reached new heights of prosperity for both labor and capital. The Administration had balanced the federal budget, and cut taxes, and had shown proper concern for the welfare of its citizens, e.g., in the broadening of social security, in programs for better schools.

But there was a deeper base for the

people's approval. In their campaign slogan, the Republicans left out another "P" that was the most important of all: principle. The people sensed that Dwight Eisenhower held to basic and important American principles that worked, as the President put it, for "every American man, woman and child, whatever his station, his calling, his religion or his race."

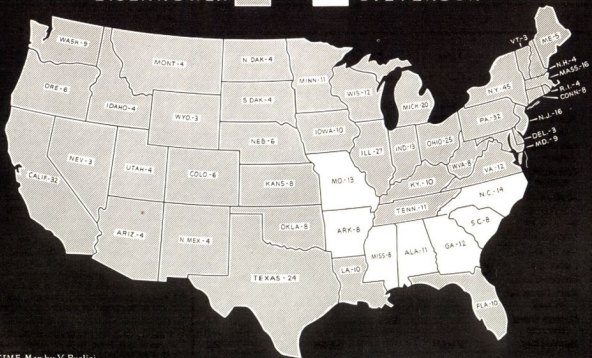
"The Individual Is Supreme." When Dwight Eisenhower spoke in what his bitterest critics called platitudes, the people understood what his opponents did not: he was indeed the voice of America, speaking the language that America understands and believes. "The individual is of supreme importance," he said. "Government's function is to provide the climate in which those people can work in confidence and security. . . . The spirit of our people is the strength of our nation. Strength is not just in arms and guns and planes; it's not just in factories and in fertile farms. It's in the heart, the heart that venerates the heritage we have from our fathers, the heritage of freedom, of self-government. That is the basic strength of America."

Because they believed Dwight Eisenhower when he said that he was working for "what is good for all of us," U.S. farmers voted for him, although they were not specifically satisfied with his Administration's farm program, and labor union members voted for him, although their leaders urged them not to. Because they

PATTERN OF VICTORY

EISENHOWER

STEVENSON



TIME Map by V. Puglisi

could clearly see what the Eisenhower Administration had done, the people rejected the charge that it had been working for the special interests of "big business." The major polls verified that the avalanche of votes that swept Dwight Eisenhower into a second term began piling up many months ago when the people saw how his Administration was performing in Washington. It was more than a personal victory; it was a victory for everything that Dwight Eisenhower and his Administration have stood for.

Knowledge & Confidence. President Eisenhower said that he sought re-election in order "to finish what I've started. There is so much to do," he said. "There are so many things yet unfinished." He mentioned specifically the need for better schools, for aid to economically depressed areas, for help to small business, for better roads, new air safety measures, more security for the aged, and liberalization of the immigration laws. He knows that there is more to do, also, for the consolidation of gains already made—for the restoration of government that is closer to the people, for sound fiscal policies, for the reconstruction of the Republican Party, and—above all—for world peace.

In his hour of victory, President Eisenhower pledged himself to continue working for the principles that he and his Administration have stood for since January 1953. "With whatever talents the good God has given me," he said, "with whatever strength there is within me, I will continue, and so will my associates, to do just one thing: to work for 168 million Americans here at home and for peace in the world." With the knowledge and with confidence that he would do just that, the American people have given him one of the clearest mandates in the history of free elections.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY Right All Along

Into the crowd of well-wishers and party workers gathered in Wing B of Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel strode the other half of the Eisenhower-Nixon team, his shoulders thrown back, his face glowing. The Vice President cried: "We're in! We're in!" Hours before, when Richard Milhous Nixon had been asked how he felt about the first intimations of a G.O.P. landslide, his reply had been guarded: "At a time like this, you just don't feel good—you feel numb." Now, with Pat Nixon at his side, as she had been throughout the campaign, all numbness had disappeared. The election scoreboard had seen to that. Reaching for a drink, Nixon seemed to relax for the first time since he launched his bone-wearying campaign on Sept. 18.

The crowds that had come to hear him had been among the biggest of the campaign. Partisanship, in part, had impelled some of his audiences into the hired halls. But many others came to get a look at the man who had been unmercifully clubbed by the opposition. Democratic Chairman Paul Butler had called him "the most despicable character in all the political history of the United States."

The very vehemence of the attack contributed to the success of Nixon's campaign: the hard-working young man who represented Ike to the bulk of the American people seemed not at all like a devil with horns. And neither did he turn out to be the liability that Harold Stassen had predicted. Stassen had said that polls showed that Nixon would lose the G.O.P. 6% of the votes—and thus the election, since Ike got 55% of the vote in 1952. But in 1956, with Nixon at his side, Ike got 57.8%.

THE LOSERS

"Let There Be No Tears"

It had been a quiet evening. Gathered in the presidential suite of Chicago's Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel, the Stevenson party of 26—family members and close friends—ate a leisurely buffet dinner, then settled back to watch the returns on television. Even when Campaign Manager James A. Finnegan came in at 10:40 p.m. to confirm what had already become obvious, there was no change in the calm, genteel atmosphere. Shortly after midnight, Adlai Stevenson picked up a carefully drafted statement, and for the second time in four years made his way to the microphones to concede to Dwight Eisenhower.

Against the Thunder. Behind him were weeks, months, years of hopes and dreams, plans and works. But of all the weeks during which he had fought for the world's greatest elective prize, none was more hectic, none was more strange than the one before Election Day. In that week Adlai Stevenson became a grandfather, was shaken by the violence which erupted across the seas, and was tarnished by his own performance.

Faced with the task of making his voice heard over the thunder of events in the Middle East and Hungary, he lashed out with mounting violence against the President and his Administration. The attack reached its peak on the day before the election in Minneapolis and again that night in Boston. Harshly, he charged that Dwight Eisenhower neither knows nor cares what goes on about him in Washington, that he "holds forth in the pulpit while his choirboys sneak around back alleys with sandbags." He described Richard Nixon's campaign role as that of a man who "has put away his switch blade and now assumes the aspect of an Eagle Scout."

And his Boston audience gasped as he said: "Every piece of scientific evidence, every lesson of history and experience, indicates that a Republican victory tomorrow would mean that Richard Nixon would probably be President of this country within the next four years." *i.e.*, Ike would not finish his term in office. Unfortunately for Adlai Stevenson and his place in U.S. political history, the charges he flung in the closing hours of the 1956 campaign may be remembered just as long as his stubbornly defended, politically disastrous arguments on ending the draft and calling off H-bomb tests by agreement with Russia and other atomic powers.*

Troil's End. But now it was over. Now the long years since the first defeat, the raucous primary fight with Estes Kefauver, the glittering first-ballot victory which brought him his party's nomination at Chicago (and marked, perhaps, the pinnacle of his political career), the frustra-

THE URBAN SHIFT

How the vote shifted G.O.P.-ward in traditional Democratic strongholds:

	1952		1956		Ike % Gain
	Adlai	Ike	Adlai	Ike	
Hudson County, N.J. (Jersey City)	6,265		31,822		14.7
Lake County, Ind. (Gary)	16,648		7,846		7
Cook County, Ill. (Chicago)		16,519		157,676	4.6
Allegheny County, Pa. (Pittsburgh)	22,477		53,679		6
Baltimore, Md.	11,864		36,401		8
Montgomery, Ala.	1,132		1,656		8.8
New Orleans, La.	4,427		26,368		9.9
Buffalo, N.Y.		2,101		37,336	7.6
Bridgeport, Conn.		314		18,970	11.5
Harris County, Tex. (Houston)		39,061		63,941	5.6
Cuyahoga County, Ohio (Cleveland)		4,503		45,812	3.7
New York City	359,439		62,904		4.4

* Among those who weighed out in Ike's favor: scientists and other residents of the Atomic Energy Commission's laboratory town of Los Alamos, N. Mex.

ing campaign itself—all these were behind him.

Before 1,000 stunned but still loyal Democrats in the Conrad Hilton Hotel's Grand Ballroom he stood, waving and smiling. Behind him, weary but proud, stood his sons, John Fell and Borden, and his sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives. Turning with true style to that strange ordeal expected of a loser in big American political battles, Stevenson thanked his supporters "for the confidence that has sustained me" during the time "I have been privileged to be your leader."

Then, while some of his audience wept, he counseled against downheartedness, "for there is radiance and glory in the darkness could we but see, and to see, we have only to look." The voters of the U.S. had made their choice "in a vigorous partisanship contest," and partisanship "is democracy's life blood." Ultimately, "our cause will prevail"; until then, "there are things more precious than political victory—there is the right to political contest." And, said he with a wry grin, "as for me, let there be no tears. If I lost an election, I won a grandchild." (see MILESTONES)

Of his own political future, he said nothing. There was no need. The answers, as far as Adlai Stevenson was concerned, had already been written that day in the ballot box.

"He Just Can't Stop"

"I wish I could have devoted the necessary time to Tennessee."

The long face of Estes Kefauver seemed as long as a Tennessee walker's on election night when he talked about what happened in his own state. "It was decided," he explained, "that it would be better for me to campaign where our chances looked less bright."

Estes made the campaigningest campaign in U.S. history. He traveled 54,000 miles, shook an estimated 100,000 hands. He made 450 speeches in 38 states—but only a brief hello and goodbye in his own Tennessee. Maybe he would have helped there, but the fact was that the Democrats lost all but one of the 38 states where he did speak.

Even in the last week, Estes, by staff count, shook the hands of 5,595 auto workers in one hour at a Flint, Mich., factory gate. By election eve he was so fagged out that in introducing his family to a national TV audience he called the dog by his daughter's name, Diane. Yet at 2:30 a.m. he was winging southward for some unprecedented Election Day campaigning in Miami. "It's absolutely insane," said an aide. "But he just can't stop." Estes started talking to mechanics in an airport hangar, kept it up from supermarket to street corner for 4½ hours. Then, with a quick stop to vote at the Lookout Mountain schoolhouse above Chattanooga, he flew back to Washington.

There, while aides watched the early returns, Kefauver napped. Finally, in the smoke-filled Statler Hotel Presidential Room, in a maze of glowing lights, foot-tripping cord and people jostling each



Associated Press

CANDIDATE STEVENSON CONCEDED DEFEAT[®]

"There are things more precious than political victory."

others' highball glasses, he made the loser's traditional speech. J. Howard McGrath, Kefauver adviser and onetime Democratic National chairman, insisted that his man had emerged from the pasting unscarred, unscathed, even enhanced. "How about 1960?" some of the crowd yelled. Kefauver's sagging face lit up and split into a crescent-moon grin. "I'm just thinking of relaxing for the next two or three days," he said. "Everybody in the family's got bicycles, and we're just going bicycling for a while."

THE VOTE

How It Went

With bright skies to encourage them and dark worry to impel them, Americans overwhelmed their polling places to settle in a matter of hours the suspense of weeks. Here, in Eastern Standard Time, is the hour-by-hour story the returns told:

8 to 9 O'Clock. Radio and TV had not even run their first-string pundits and their elaborate mechanical brains into the game when the decisive answers to some crucial questions began to flood in.

Connecticut heralded the first rumble of an Eisenhower landslide even more decisively than in 1952. In labor-heavy Bridgeport, traditionally Democratic and barely Ike's in 1952, it was Eisenhower by nearly two to one. Well-unionized New Haven chimed in minutes later with a 17,000-vote plurality for Eisenhower, the first time in history New Haven had chosen a G.O.P. presidential nominee.

From Florida came sharp signs of a repeat Eisenhower victory in that no-longer-solid sector of the Solid South. Holyoke, Mass., another good sign of labor's mood, gave Stevenson a margin too thin to suggest anything but defeat.

The hour was only half gone before the suspense had trickled out of the presidential race; but still left in doubt was the No. 2 question: How would Congress go? By 8 p.m., TV's battle of the calculating machines was producing near unanimity—ABC's Elecom prognosticated "less than 100 electoral votes" for Stevenson; CBS's Univac calculated 340 for Ike, 87 for Stevenson, then paused to digest a few more returns. The Republicans' own best calculating machine, Party Chairman Leonard Hall, was confident enough to predict before 9 o'clock that Ike was riding home on a landslide. At about the same moment, young John Fell Stevenson, the Democratic candidate's son, left his father's hotel room for the moment, was asked the state of morale inside. Said he: "Not too good."

9 to 10 O'Clock. At Chicago's Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel, Adlai Stevenson ducked out of a dinner party to huddle with Campaign Manager Jim Finnegan and Speechwriter Willard Wirtz. As rumors mounted that Adlai was preparing to concede, the Eisenhower landslide rumbled on. Ike put the tie to the "as-Maine-goes" Democratic victories of last September (TIME, Sept. 24) by sweeping up Maine's five electoral votes by an even wider margin than his 1952 victory. He surged ahead in Chicago's heavily Democratic Cook County, picked up a three-to-two lead in pivotal Pennsylvania. The Boston Herald hit the streets with an extra predicting that Ike would carry Massachusetts by 250,000 votes, v. 208,000 in 1952. New York's Daily Mirror went to press at 9:22 with a two-star final banner: **IKE WINS!**

The tide rolled South. Though the Middle East crisis was costing the G.O.P.

[®] With son Borden and sister Mrs. Ernest Ives.

Jewish votes in south Florida's big cities, it looked as if Ike would better his 1952 Florida lead of 90,000. Despite Democratic hopes that Texas, Tennessee and Virginia would return to the fold, Ike seemed headed for new triumphs in all those states. He led in Kentucky. As returns trickled in from the Midwest, scattered islands of resistance developed. In Michigan, thanks to Democratic Governor Mennen Williams' solid lead over G.O.P. Candidate Albert E. Cobo, Stevenson was ahead in heavily unionized Dearborn and Detroit. In scattered upstate precincts of Michigan and Wisconsin, resentful farmers were whittling down the G.O.P.'s 1952 margin. Elsewhere Democratic bastions were toppling. Pennsylvania's Democratic Lackawanna County gave Ike an early edge. For the first time in 36 years New Jersey's Hudson County—the late Boss Hague's old bailiwick—went Republican.

By 9:45 A.M. the superarticulate mechanical brain threw caution to the winds. The Eisenhower landslide, it ground out, would reach "the proportions of President Roosevelt's first victory in 1932." At 10 o'clock Adlai Stevenson, busily writing in his room, was quoted as saying that he would not concede until he had heard from California. Said Adlai's sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives: "It's a pathetic situation."

10 to 11 O'Clock. Four-fifths of the vote was still to be counted, but it was all over for caution's good grey grandmother, the *New York Times*. EISENHOWER WINS IN A SWEEP, it decided at 10 o'clock sharp. By that time, Virginia's twelve electoral votes, Maryland's nine, apparently New Jersey's 16 were Eisenhower's, and he was running ahead in Pennsylvania, the state the Democrats had said they had to take in order to win. The Stevenson forces enjoyed a few slim sunbeams—14 sure electoral votes in North Carolina (where one Jerry D. Batts of Roanoke Rapids was declared to have cast his vote, though he died with it clutched in his hand), expected pluralities in most of the other Southern states, a good lead in Missouri, a strong opening in industrial Michigan, a slight opening lead in California.

But already the wire-service reporters were pulling out their "gloom descended" leads for the scene around Stevenson headquarters, while in Chicago at 10:30 Stevenson Campaign Manager Jim Finnegan and Campaign Treasurer Matt McCloskey were on the telephones to their home state, Pennsylvania. "How bad did we get licked?" asked McCloskey on one phone. "So we're behind in Lackawanna and Allegheny, too, eh?" Finnegan muttered on another. Only a robust Democratic lead in the Pennsylvania senatorial race brightened Finnegan's wake. The 11 p.m. calculators had Ike leading in states worth 441 electoral votes, Stevenson in states with only 90.

11 to 12 O'Clock. New England was as solid for the G.O.P. as the South had once been for the Democrats. Even in Democratic Boston Stevenson's lead was pared to 23,000 votes (1, his 68,000-vote margin in 1952), a fraction of the total he needed to counterbalance G.O.P. strength else-

where in Massachusetts. Ike swept ahead in New Hampshire, seized a 36,000-vote lead in Rhode Island (which he later increased to nearly ten times his 1952 plurality). Busting ahead in New York City, which the Democrats carried by some 350,000 votes in 1952, Ike was stitching up a powerful statewide lead. At 11:25, with firm victories in ten states, the G.O.P. avalanche overtook wavering Michigan. At G.O.P. headquarters in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel, Ike started planning his TVictory speech of thanks.

Adlai still clung to a narrow lead in Minnesota and Oklahoma. Stevenson carried Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia, but seemed likely in each case to end with narrower margins than in 1952. An irony of G.O.P. gains in the South was that they came largely from



G.O.P. CHAIRMAN HALL
The machine felt like singing.

segregation-conscious white voters, while the G.O.P.'s civil-rights record was winning over Negro voters from Memphis to Miami.

Returns trickling in from the Western and Mountain states put the G.O.P. in the lead from the outset in Arizona, Colorado and Utah. New Mexico gave Ike a heavy lead. Even atom-conscious Los Alamos, one place where Stevenson's H-bomb issue might logically have set a fuse, went for Eisenhower.

12 to 1 O'Clock. The Eisenhower pluralities kept pounding in like the surf. "How long, O Lord, how long!" muttered a New York Stevensonite, in wry memory of the 1956 Democratic keynote speech. The answer seemed to be: until the last returns from the Coast. West Virginia came in for Eisenhower, voting Republican for the first time since going for Hoover against Smith in 1928. Los Angeles waited for San Francisco to record a slight margin for Stevenson (ascribed by West Coast commentators in part to Nixon's unpopularity there), then slapped it down with

a smart plurality for Ike and Dick. With a jolt, South Carolina Democrats noted that they had carried the state for Stevenson only because Republicans (with 73,000) and independents voting for Virginia's Senator Harry Byrd without his authorization (\$8,000) divided among them a total big enough to exceed the Democratic vote. On behalf of his favorite son, Estes Kefauver, Politico J. Howard McGrath began a small salvage operation in Washington. Kefauver, he said, emerges from the carnage unscarred and running hard—"He's going in '60." Otherwise, said McGrath with an Irish grin: "It's a regular wake. We're lucky we still have the corpse."

1 to 2 O'Clock. Lurching into Kentucky Democratic headquarters at Louisville's Seelbach Hotel, a lonely soul with an Adlai button inquired thickly: "Are you all Democrats?" Came the reply: "What's left of us." What was left of the Democrats was at best seven states with 74 electoral votes.

Indefatigably, the speeches of victory and defeat rumbled on in other places across the U.S. Inexorably, the pundits wove the night's loose ends into the semblance of history. Radios and TV sets were still humming into the small hours of Wednesday as, one by one, electronic brains and buzzing human heads signed off.

THE SENATE

Near Balance

Drawing plans and specifications for overcoming a 49-47 Democratic majority in the Senate, Republican leaders at campaign's beginning faced a painful fact: shifting the balance to the G.O.P. would prove an impossible task unless Dwight Eisenhower kept the White House in an avalanche of votes and swept into office with him some hard-pressed senatorial candidates. This week came the avalanche. But long after the Eisenhower votes were tallied into astronomical millions, the G.O.P., to its own astonishment, was still fighting what seemed to be a losing battle. Among the critical engagements:

¶ In Illinois, oleaginous Everett McKinley Dirksen took a tight grip on the Eisenhower coattails, discovered they were a dandy answer for the vigorous door-to-door, factory-to-factory handshaking campaign waged by Democrat Richard Stenkel. Dirksen, like Eisenhower, cracked Cook County, the Democratic stronghold, coasted to his second term on the crest of a comfortable downstate Republican vote that shot his majority to better than 300,000 votes.

¶ In Ohio, five-time Governor Frank Lausche once again proved the truth of the local axiom that "nobody likes Lausche but the people" by capturing for the Democrats the state's second Senate seat, defeating a hard-working latter-day Ikeman, Senator George Bender.

¶ In New York, State Attorney General Jacob K. Javits, 52, took retiring Democrat Herbert Lehman's seat with a decisive victory over New York City's Mayor Robert F. Wagner (TIME, Oct. 1). Ex-

Congressman Javits (1947-54) rolled up an 885,000-vote lead over Wagner in Republican counties upstate, more than enough to counterpoint the Mayor's 441,000 Democratic edge in New York's five boroughs.

¶ In California, riding the crest of the Eisenhower wave and backed by Nixon, Knowland and Knight, amiable, conscientious Senator Tom Kuchel barely squeaked through in the fight to keep his Republican Senate seat from falling into the hands of flamboyant young (40) Democratic State Senator Richard Richards.

¶ In Washington, where Democrats turned out the vote to defeat a right-to-work initiative, Ike-blessed Republican Governor Arthur B. Langlie failed resoundingly in an attempt to topple personable Democrat Warren Magnuson from the Senate seat "Maggie" has enjoyed for twelve years.

¶ In Kentucky, the G.O.P. picked up one of the two Senate seats at stake this fall when John Sherman Cooper, 55, former Ambassador to India, defeated former Governor Lawrence W. Wetherby handily in their battle for the remainder of Alben Barkley's term. In the second race, where the traditional Democratic edge also had been whittled by campaign-year squabbles within the party's ranks, ex-Governor Earle C. Clements hung to an uncomfortably narrow lead over Republican Thurston B. Morton.

¶ In West Virginia, a slate-wide Democratic defection to the G.O.P. touched off by corruption charges, helped ex-Senator (1942-48) Chapman Revercomb, 61, win handily over Governor William C. Marland in their race for the remainder of the late Harley Kilgore's term.

¶ In four scattered states the Ike boom sent incumbent Republicans back to the Senate: Connecticut's Prescott Bush beat Congressman Thomas J. Dodd; Maryland's John Marshall Butler, elected six years

ago with Joe McCarthy's assistance, without it this time downed Democrat George P. Mahoney by 50,000 votes; Indiana's Homer E. Capehart easily won a third term over former Agriculture Secretary Claude R. Wickard; and Wisconsin's 72-year-old Alexander Wiley handily downed State Senator Henry W. Maier. In Nevada, after trailing part of the way through a nip-and-tuck battle with Cliff Young, Democratic Incumbent Alan Bible spurted ahead, eked out a breathless victory.

¶ In Pennsylvania, where almost 4,500,000 senatorial votes were cast, onetime Philadelphia Reform Mayor Joseph S. Clark Jr., 55, defeated Republican Senator James H. ("Big Red") Duff by 20,000 votes to become an important new figure on the national Democratic scene.

¶ In Oregon, cold-eyed Wayne Morse, 56, the maverick ex-Republican marked as the G.O.P.'s prime target in the Senate races, withstood the Western Eisenhower surge, to defeat, by more than 20,000 votes, Ikeman Douglas McKay, who had resigned as Secretary of the Interior at Ike's urging to take on the bloodiest senatorial battle in Oregon's history.

¶ In Colorado, Two-Time Loser John A. Carroll, 55, whose chances of defeating former Governor Dan Thornton appeared so slim that the Democratic National Committee declined to finance his campaign, hung together enough votes to win the Senate seat vacated by retiring Republican Eugene Millikin—a seat the Democrats cheerfully accepted as an unexpected gift.

¶ In Idaho, handsome young (32) Attorney Frank Church achieved a startling upset in his first bid for a major political office by defeating moss-backed Republican Incumbent Herman Welker.

¶ In South Dakota, where well-rounded Republicanism has sent G.O.P. Senators to Washington for 20 years, a farm revolt threatened mild-mannered Incumbent Francis Case. Pressing hard on Case in a tight battle was burly (6 ft. 2 in., 235 lb.) Kenneth Holm, 43-year-old farmer-turned-politician.

THE HOUSE

Changing Patterns

Dwight Eisenhower seemed fated to be the first winning presidential candidate since Woodrow Wilson (1916) unable to sweep his party into control of the House of Representatives. But while Ike and the Republicans did not seem likely to dent the solid majority of 230 seats which the Democratic Party had in the 84th Congress, they did succeed in changing the voting patterns that have dominated U.S. congressional elections for a century. In 1956 the Republican Party was picking up Congressmen in the cities, losing them in the country.

Ike's coattails were broadest in the most heavily urban area of the U.S.—the Northeast. In Connecticut, Republican Edwin H. May Jr. solidly carried the industrial First District, Democratic Senatorial Candidate Thomas Dodd's old stamping ground, and thereby snatched



NEW YORK'S JAVITS
Help from the north.

away from the Democrats the only one of Connecticut's six House seats that remained in Democratic hands after 1954. (In the heavily Italian Third District, which centers on New Haven, Democrat Robert Giaimo waited only 47 minutes after the polls had closed before conceding that Republican Albert Cretella had won a third term.)

In New Jersey's populous Sixth District (Union County), handsome, bustling Assemblywoman Florence Dwyer, fiftyish, took away from personable, 36-year-old Democrat Harrison Williams Jr. the seat he has held since 1953. Even more startling were the results in traditionally Democratic Hudson County, whose two House seats the Democrats had considered money in the bank. In the 14th District, bumptious Democrat T. (for Thomas) James Tumulty, whose boast it was that he carried more weight (330 lbs.) than any man in Congress, ran well behind 49-year-old Auditor Vincent J. Delloy. In the 13th District, 45-year-old Major Alfred Sieminski, a Princeton-educated laundry operator who was elected to the House in 1950 while serving in Korea, apparently lost (by 200 votes) to Republican Norman Roth, assistant counsel to the county board of education.

In the South, the Republicans fought a holding operation with incumbent Republican Congressmen increasing their margins, and in the industrial areas of the Midwest the Republicans actually gained two seats. In much of the Midwest—primarily the areas in which the farm vote was critical—the Republicans were losers rather than gainers from the new voting patterns. "The old man of the Ozarks," 58-year-old Dewey Short, seemed likely to be the most resounding Republican casualty of all. In his attempt to win a 13th term in the House, he was trailing 36-year-old Charles Harrison Brown, a polio victim who campaigned



IDAHO'S CHURCH
Greener than moss.

William Bach—Life

with a hillbilly quartet. In the Far West, the gains were made by the Democrats. Montana's 38-year-old Republican Congressman Orvin B. Fjare lost the Second District to State Senator **LeRoy Anderson** in a campaign that centered around Fjare's opposition to paying the Crow Indians \$5,000,000 for the proposed site of the Yellowstone Dam on the Big Horn River.

With the exception of Dewey Short, few familiar faces will be missing from the next Congress. Republican **Katharine St. George** easily staved off the challenge of World War II Cartoonist William ("Willie and Joe") Mauldin in New York's 28th District, and Incumbent **Frederic Coudert Jr.** surmounted a dangerous bid by Democrat Anthony Akers. World War II PT-boat skipper. It was a hard year for basketball players too. In Kentucky, Wallace ("Wah Wah") Jones, one of the two "clean" players on the bribe-prone 1948-49 Kentucky basketball team, was smothered by Democratic Incumbent **John Watts**, and Minnesota's 6 ft. 10 in. basketball All-America George Mikan of De Paul College failed to unseat the Third District's Democratic incumbent, 68-year-old **Roy Wier**.

THE STATES

Governors: In & Out

The scramble for control of 30 statehouses ended with an almost even split between the two parties (including the Democrats' gubernatorial victory in Maine in September). In some states, the outcome was baffling enough to send a stream of crystal balls hurtling into the political junkpile—there to be joined by many a bewildered seer. Items:

¶ In West Virginia, 34-year-old Republican Cecil Underwood, onetime teacher of biology and now vice president of Salem (W. Va.) College, upset favored Democrat Robert Mollohan. Underwood, a six-term member of the state house of delegates, campaigned hard and sharp against the statehouse machine, the so-called "flower fund" to which state employees allegedly had to contribute 2% of their salaries, and the state road commission, which, he claimed, made "more millions of equipment dealers than it has good roads."

¶ Rhode Island's three-term Democratic Governor Dennis J. Roberts was surprisingly edged out by Christopher Del Sesto, 49, an Italian-American in a state where voters of Italian descent pack a ballot-box wallop. It was a conditional victory, since Del Sesto, himself a former Democrat and a special assistant to the U.S. Attorney General in the Antitrust Division, won by a meager 192 votes when the voting-machine score was added up. Still to be counted: 11,000 absentee ballots.

¶ In Kansas, a dizzy seesaw battle came to a Democratic victory for Lawrence Banker George Docking, 52, over Topeka Republican Warren W. Shaw, 48, who failed to overcome two severe handicaps: 1) G.O.P. factionalism, and 2) charges that, as Shawnee County chairman, he



NEW MEXICO'S MECHEM

Well-known and well-organized.

had received kickbacks on gasoline sales to the state.

¶ In a drab campaign, Massachusetts' former Democratic Congressman Foster Furcolo, 45, dramatically withstood the Eisenhower landslide, buried a Christian Herter-Eisenhower Republican, Lieutenant Governor Sumner G. Whitlitt, under a thumping plurality. Furcolo's chief campaign asset: energetic support from popular U.S. Senator Jack Kennedy.

¶ Michigan's bow-tied, New-Dealing Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams won a fifth term after a seemingly easy-going—but decidedly breathless—campaign against his toughest competition ever: Detroit's capable Republican Mayor Albert E. Cobo, 63. Soapy benefited

mightily from Michigan's split-ticket voters, was even strong upstate, far from the A.F.L.-C.I.O. machines in the big cities.

¶ Iowa's farmers and small townsmen took out their troubles on their Republican Governor Leo Hoegh (TIME, Oct. 22), turned the statehouse over to the first Democrat since 1936, Herschel Loveless. Said Hoegh: "This election has been good for Eisenhower, but it has been tough on some of us Ike originals."

¶ In Colorado, Democratic Lieutenant Governor Stephen McNichols, 41, a successful lawyer and uranium millionaire, safely beat out Don Brotzman, a young (34) state senator and husky handshaker who was counting on—but never could catch—Ike's coattails.

¶ Wisconsin's Republican Attorney General Vernon W. Thomson, 51, had been waiting three long terms for right-wing Governor Walter Kohler to step down, got his chance to run this time, whipped Yalem (38) E. (for Edward) William Proxmire, 40.

¶ Ohio's pudgy, popular Mike Di Salle, ex-Mayor of Toledo and sometime price-control boss of the Truman Administration, was not popular enough, lost out to Republican C. (for nothing) William O'Neill, 48, a thoroughly experienced little (5 ft. 5 in.) Army veteran who served six consecutive terms in the state legislature, three terms as attorney general.

¶ In Democratic-inclined (but pro-Ike) Minnesota, Governor Orville Freeman, 38, an ex-marine with a reputation for being a homey family man (toasted marshmallows in the fireplace) and the administrator of a trouble-free office, knocked off Ancher Nelsen, onetime Rural Electrification Administrator, ardent Ike man and former lieutenant governor.

¶ In New Mexico, Democratic Incumbent John F. Simms Jr., 39, gave up his seat to Edwin L. Mechem, 44, who had served two previous terms as governor (1950-54). Simms' weakness: no support from his powerful old political enemy Senator Dennis Chavez. Mechem's strength: a well-known name, a well-organized Republican caravan.

¶ Illinois' Republican Governor Billy Stratton, carrying the deadly weight of the embezzlement scandal in the state auditor's office, got boxed into a corner throughout most of the hours of vote-counting, barely brushed through on late downstate returns to win over Chicago Judge Richard Austin.

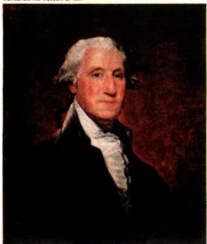
¶ Democratic State Senator Al ("The Rose") Rosellini, 46, an ambitious and compulsively affable Washingtonian, who handed out artificial roses during his campaign, came out of his fight smelling like one. He defeated aging (66) Lieutenant Governor Emmett Anderson, who was the choice of Governor Art Langlie.

¶ In Montana, conscientious Republican Governor J. (for John) Hugo Aronson vanquished Montana's attorney general, Democrat Arnold Olsen, 39, who spent the campaign flogging the state's three standard whipping boys—Anaconda Mining Co., light and power companies, oilmen.



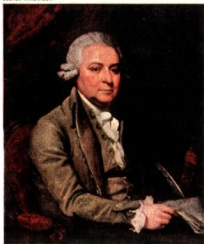
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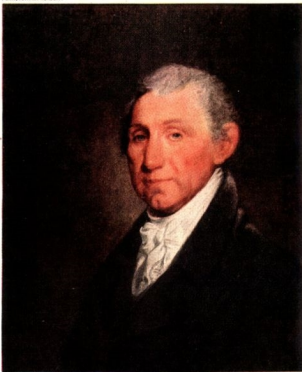
THOMAS JEFFERSON (1801-09)
by Rembrandt Peale

The PRESIDENTS of the U.S.

AS the nation's voters went to the polls to choose a President of the U.S. this week, the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts cast a reflective eye back across 167 years of U.S. history with a portrait show of all 33 men who have held the nation's highest office. To all but history buffs, the exhibit will recall a host of legendary and nearly forgotten men, presents them once again as the full, flesh-and-blood figures their contemporaries observed and recorded. Main fact to emerge from the survey: the young Republic was faithfully served by its artists as well as its statesmen. The American heritage is infinitely richer for such works of art as Gilbert Stuart's *Washington*, the painting Peale family's *Jefferson* and *Madison*, Thomas Sully's *Andrew Jackson*.

Taken as a whole, the show does suggest that it was the decline of portraiture as much as the genius of Mathew Brady that made Lincoln the first President better remembered for his photographs than his portraits. But as the zestful painting of Dwight Eisenhower shows, the talented artist can still produce a revealing synthesis of impressions observed in the sitter's presence which the camera at best can catch only an instant at a time.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY



JAMES MONROE (1817-25)
by Gilbert Stuart



JAMES MADISON (1809-17)
by Charles Willson Peale

HIRSCH & ADLER

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



J. Q. ADAMS (1825-29)
by Thomas Sully

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



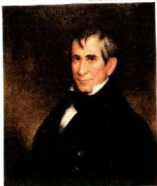
ANDREW JACKSON (1829-37)
by Thomas Sully

CORDOBA GALLERY OF ART



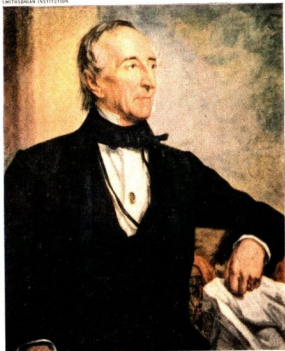
MARTIN VAN BUREN (1837-41)
by George Healy

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



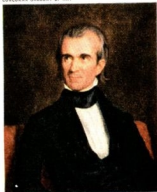
WM. H. HARRISON (1841)
by James Reid Lambdin

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



JOHN TYLER (1841-45)
by George Healy

CORDOBA GALLERY OF ART



JAMES POLK (1845-49)
by George Healy

CORDOBA GALLERY OF ART



ZACHARY TAYLOR (1849-50)
by John Vanderlyn

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART



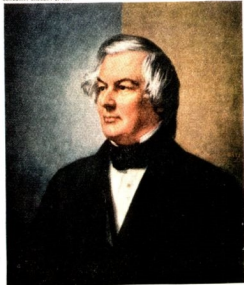
FRANKLIN PIERCE (1853-57)
by George Healy

CORDOBA GALLERY OF ART



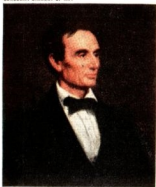
JAMES BUCHANAN (1857-61)
by George Healy

CORDOBA GALLERY OF ART



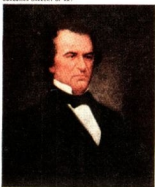
MILLARD FILLMORE (1850-53)
by George Healy

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1861-65)
by George Healy

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



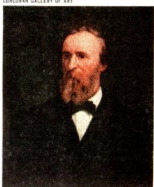
ANDREW JOHNSON (1865-69)
by Eliphalet Fraser Andrews

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



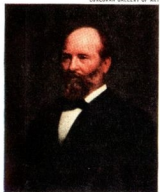
ULYSSES S. GRANT (1869-77)
by Thomas LeClear

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



R. B. HAYES (1877-81)
by Eliphalet Fraser Andrews

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



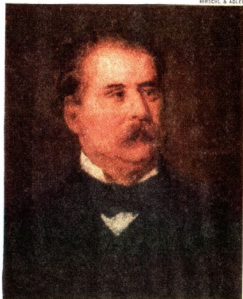
JAMES GARFIELD (1881)
by William T. Mathews

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



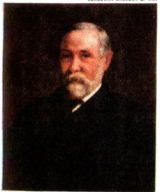
CHESTER A. ARTHUR (1881-85)
by George Healy

BRITISH & ADLER



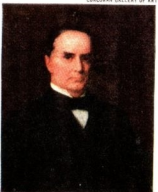
GROVER CLEVELAND (1885-89; 1893-97)
by Eastman Johnson

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART



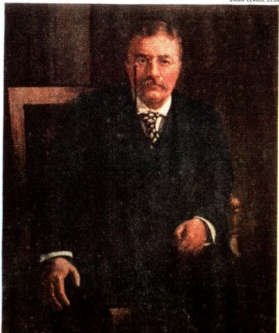
BENJAMIN HARRISON (1889-93)
by William T. Mathews

CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART

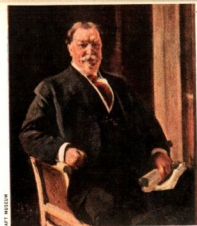


WM. McKINLEY (1897-1901)
by William T. Mathews

UNION LEAGUE CLUB



THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1901-09)
by George Burroughs Torrey



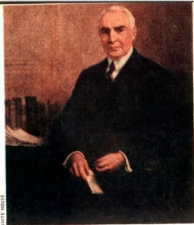
TAFT HOUSE

WM. HOWARD TAFT (1909-13)
by Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida



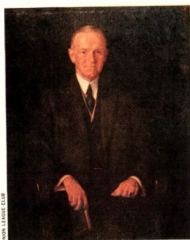
WILSONIAN INSTITUTION

WOODROW WILSON (1913-21)
by Edmund Tarbell



HUFT MOORE

WARREN G. HARDING (1921-23)
by Francis Luis Mora



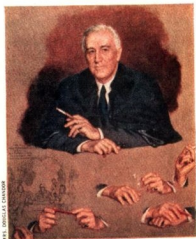
JOHN F. LANE CLUB

CALVIN COOLIDGE (1923-29)
by Wayman Adams



WEL DOUGLAS CHANDOR

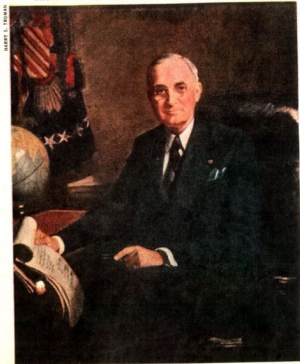
HERBERT HOOVER (1929-33)
by Douglas Chandor



WEL DOUGLAS CHANDOR

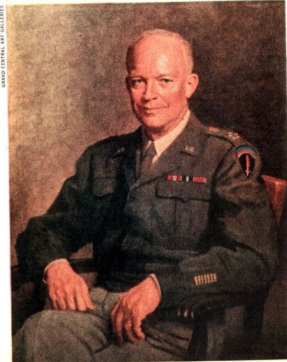
F. D. ROOSEVELT (1933-45)
by Douglas Chandor

HARRY S. TRUMAN (1945-53) by Frank Salisbury



HARRY S. TRUMAN

DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER (1953-) by Thomas E. Stephens



GRAND CENTRAL ART GALLERY

"THE GREATER PURPOSES"

Eisenhower's Declaration of Independence on Foreign Policy

In speeches from the White House and Philadelphia's Convention Hall, President Eisenhower in the week of crisis set down this philosophy of U.S. foreign policy:

THAT ancient crossroads of the world [the Middle East] was, as we all know, an area long subject to colonial rule. This rule ended after World War II, when all countries there won full independence. Out of the Palestinian mandated territory was born the new state of Israel. These historic changes could not, however, instantly banish animosities born of the ages. Israel and her Arab neighbors soon found themselves at war with one another. And the Arab nations showed continuing anger toward their former colonial rulers, notably Great Britain and France.

The U.S., since the close of World War II, has labored tirelessly to bring peace and stability to this area. But unfortunately passion in the area threatened to prevail over peaceful purpose. The direct relations of Egypt with both Israel and France kept worsening to a point at which first Israel, then France, and Great Britain also, determined that in their judgment there could be no protection of their vital interests without resort to force. The U.S. was not consulted in any way. Nor were we informed in advance.

As it is the manifest right of any of these nations to take such decisions and actions, it is likewise our right, if our judgment so dictates, to dissent. We believe these actions to have been taken in error. For we do not accept the use of force as a wise or proper instrument for the settlement of international disputes.

We are fully aware of the grave anxieties of Israel, of Britain and of France. We know that they have been subjected to grave and repeated provocations. The present fact nonetheless seems clear: the actions taken can scarcely be reconciled with the principles and purposes of the United Nations. And beyond this, we are forced to doubt even if resort to war will for long serve the permanent interests of the attacking nations.

I am ever more deeply convinced that the U.N. is the soundest hope for peace in the world, and for this very reason I believe its processes need to be strengthened. I speak particularly of increasing its ability to secure justice under international law. In all the recent troubles in the Middle East there have indeed been injustices suffered by all involved. But I do not believe that another instrument of injustice—war—is the remedy for these wrongs.

There can be no peace without law. And there can be no law if we were to invoke one code of international conduct for those who oppose us and another for our friends. The society of nations has been slow in developing means to apply this truth. But the passionate longing for peace on the part of all peoples of the earth compels us to speed our search for new and more effective instruments of justice. The peace we seek and need means much more than mere absence of war. It means the acceptance of law and the fostering of justice in all the world.

Always the Frontier

IN [today's] world, at such a time, decent respect for the opinion of mankind—in the words of our Declaration of Independence—requires that we state plainly the purposes we seek, the principles we hold. What are the true marks of our America, and what do they mean to the world?

We are a people born of many peoples. Our culture, our skills, our very aspirations have been shaped by immigrants and their sons and daughters from all the earth. We know, as our forefathers knew, the firm ground on which our beliefs must stand. Freedom is rooted in the certainty that the brotherhood of all men springs from the fatherhood of

God. And thus, even as each man is his brother's keeper, no man is another's master.

So it is that the laws most binding upon us as a people are laws of the spirit, proclaimed in church and synagogue and mosque. These are the laws that truly declare the eternal equality of all men, of all races, before the man-made laws of our land. And we are profoundly aware that in the world we can claim the trust of hundreds of millions of people across Africa and Asia only as we ourselves hold high the banner of justice for all.

We are proudly a people with no sense of class or caste. We judge no man by his name or inheritance, but by what he does, and for what he stands. And so likewise do we judge other nations. There can be no second-class nations before the law of the world community. We, finally, look upon change, the ever-unfolding future, with confidence rather than doubt, hope rather than fear. We as a people were born of revolution and we have lived by change, always a frontier people, exploring, if not new wilderness, then new science and new knowledge.

Principles that Cannot Bend

WE cannot and we will not condone armed aggression, no matter who the attacker and no matter who the victim. We cannot, in the world any more than in our own nation, subscribe to one law for the weak, another law for the strong, one law for those opposing us, another for those allied with us. There can be only one law, or there will be no peace.

We do not speak, let me emphasize, in any angry spirit of self-righteousness. We value deeply and lastingly the bonds with those great nations, those great friends with whom we now so plainly disagree. And I, for one, am confident that those bonds will do more than survive. But this we know above all: there are some firm principles that cannot bend—they can only break. We shall not break ours.

We believe that integrity of purpose and act is the fact that must most surely identify and fortify the free world in its struggle against Communism. We cannot proclaim this integrity when the issue is easy—and stifle it when the issue is hard. To do this would be to do something much worse than merely making our great struggle in the world more difficult. For if we were ever to lose that integrity, there would be no way to win a true victory in that struggle.

This would be a surrender that we shall not make.

A Vital Paradox

BUT let me say we hold firmly to a vital paradox and to a fixed purpose: We maintain strength only in order some day to yield it—in league with all other nations. We shall go on working ceaselessly for the sure and safe accord that alone will make this possible. For we seek, above all else, to lift from the backs of men and all nations their terrible burden of armaments.

Finally, ever constant in the principles by which we live, we sense a special concern for the fate and fortune of those 700 million people in 18 nations who have won full independence since World War II. We know and respect both their national pride and their economic need. Here we speak from the heart of our heritage. We, too, were born at a time when the tide of tyranny running high threatened to sweep the earth. We prevailed and they shall prevail.

For the everlasting promise of our own Declaration of Independence was what Lincoln declared it to be: liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope for the world for all future time.

These, then, are America's greater purposes. They spring from our final faith in freedom.

FOREIGN NEWS

WORLD CRISIS

Appalling Events

With anxiety and bewilderment, the world watched an appalling eruption of trouble.

In Hungary a gallant, leaderless rebellion against Russia's iron rule gave promise of success—until Russia turned its retreating tanks around and set out to crush the revolt.

Israel, taking advantage of Russia's difficulties (and taking for granted U.S. preoccupation with a presidential election), invaded Egypt.

Great Britain and France, aggression-bound, moved in, determined to overthrow Gamal Abdel Nasser and recover the Suez Canal.

War in the Middle East gave Russia the chance to muffle the sounds of its own savage conduct in Hungary. With bland cynicism, it lectured Britain and France on aggression, proposed joining with the U.S. in fighting Egypt's invaders (a proposal the U.S. called "unthinkable"), and talked of using "force to crush the aggressors" in the Middle East. Bulganin went further: he asked Britain how it would feel "if she herself had been attacked by more powerful states possessing every kind of modern destructive weapon" and added that "there are countries now" that could do the job from a distance by "means such as rocket technique."

In alarm, the Swiss government invited five nations—the Big Four and India—to hold an immediate summit conference to avert the danger of a third world war.

The possibility that Russia might rush into the Middle East—perhaps in response to Colonel Nasser's appeal for "volun-

teers"—gave urgency to the efforts of peacemakers. The U.S. and Britain and France got back together again, after a week in which the U.S. and its two principal allies were tragically apart. They were drawn together by the need to meet the common threat from Russia.

Tuesday at midday, eight days after the Middle East war began, U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld announced that Britain and France had agreed to a cease-fire. The gunfire might cease, but the unpleasant aftermath would be with the world for a long time.

Danger in the Jungle

Britain's bombers over Cairo made the really shocking surprise of the week: Russia's conduct in Hungary was more cruel because bigger in the totals of human slaughter, but it was, after all, in character for Communists. Israel could claim the need to break the menacing circle of declared enemies. France had emotional and strategic reasons for crushing Nasser, to get at the source of supply of the Arab rebels in French North Africa. As for Britain, its justification for aggression against Egypt had to be that a quick war could bring the kind of Middle East solution that diplomacy had failed to achieve.

More than injured pride and frustration had to explain Sir Anthony Eden's ruthless ultimatum and armed attack on Egypt. The justification, feebly put at the outset, but more and more emphatically later, is that Britain had lost faith in the U.N. It had decided to return to the 19th century pattern of a big power's imposing peace and demanding of the rest of the world that it accept the result on the grounds that its methods are decisive and its motives high-minded. This classic role of self-appointed proctor of the world was reflected last week by that heroic defender of Empire, Sir Winston Churchill, who proclaimed: "Not for the first time, we have acted independently for the common good."

This was a blunt and deep challenge to every 20th century notion of collective security. Britain's case went thus: You must judge our methods by our results. We hope to crush Nasser without much bloodshed. If we do, we will be rid of an ambitious dictator who not only threatens our oil interests and our Suez Canal status and stings our pride, but with his ambitious Arab nationalism threatens the whole security of European civilization. Once we show our strength, you will hear less nonsense from the oil-country Arabs, and have less trouble from the Arabs in North Africa. Israel will expand. But if it grows big enough, its Arab neighbors will be unable to challenge it, and there will be peace at last in the Middle East—the kind of peace the U.N. cannot bring you, because it has become only an echo chamber of the world's conflicts.

The British method, if brought off

BOMBING VICTIMS IN CAIRO



quickly, might have had more effect than many men of good will would care to admit. But in the end it encountered overriding objections, and the U.S. gained credit throughout the world for separating itself last week from the conduct of its oldest allies. For as a sovereign remedy, the peace of imposed power takes little account of the cries of the less strong, or the pleas of peoples aspiring to freedom.

A more important objection to Eden's *Pax Britannica* is that Britain no longer rules the waves, or the air. In a hard-hitting attack on Eden's conduct, Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskill accused Eden of invoking the law of the jungle, and added, "The jungle is a dangerous place where we should realize that there are much more dangerous animals wandering about than Great Britain and France." The knowledge that the Russian bear, stung by his own wounds, might blunder into the Middle East gave pause to everyone—even, in the end, to Anthony Eden and to France's Guy Mollet.

The Example. While the world tried to digest the distressing news from the Middle East, Russia abruptly abandoned its promises of reforms and retreat, and ruthlessly turned to crush Hungary's gallant patriots. With outraged helplessness the world listened to frantic pleas for help.

In urgent matters of self-interest, the Russians need no examples from others to justify their own resort to force. But the aggression in Egypt provided the Russians with what, if it was not a sanction, was at least a cover to allow their brutalities full rein. It was a measure of the betrayal of mankind's best hopes by Britain and France that the embarrassed West could not even cry shame with one voice.

THE KREMLIN

Into The Night

The steel-shod Russian jackboot heeled down on Hungary this week, stamping and grinding out the vestiges of a daring young democracy. A force of 4,500 Soviet tanks, crack paratroops, MVD storm guards, and a quarter-million Red army infantrymen

Associated Press





RUSSIA AND U.S. VOTING AGAINST BRITAIN & FRANCE IN U.N.

drawn from the remote wastes of Muscovy swept through the brown fall countryside, overwhelming towns and villages, smashing isolated Hungarian army resistance, and sealing off the country.

On the hills around Budapest, heavy Soviet guns ranged in on the city's old Parliament House. Through the already battered streets thundered big new tanks, this time protected by trotting groups of dark-visaged Asian-Russian infantrymen. Weary but infinitely brave Freedom Fighters were mercilessly cut down. Traitors who had concealed themselves, or their intentions, during Hungary's miraculous five days of freedom (see Hungary) were welcomed. In a matter of hours Moscow was able to report that Communist Premier Imre Nagy, who had defied the Kremlin, was in jail, and a new Communist government installed under Party Secretary Janos Kadar (TIME, Nov. 5).

Shored Joy. But the fighting did not immediately end. Clandestine radio calls testified to rebel resistance in isolated areas, both in Budapest and the provinces. And after first announcing that resistance was being crushed, Kadar took to the air to complain of continuing opposition "which might even get the upper hand." The weight and power of the Soviet assault indicated the seriousness with which the Kremlin now regarded the situation.

What made the smashing of free Hungary different from other Soviet deprivations? For one thing, the West had been an intimate eyewitness of Hungary's brave struggle for national independence, and had shared Hungarian joy at seeing Soviet tanks withdraw in apparently accepted defeat. Guarded hopes had changed to optimism. After all, perhaps the weak state of the Soviet satellite empire, forcing the Kremlin to come to terms with a national Communism in Poland, might also persuade the Kremlin to come to terms with a national regime in Hungary. Instead, the exceedingly swift development of anti-Communist sentiment in Hungary made a fearful Kremlin resolve to make an example of Hungary.

Skillfully, the Russians masked their

intentions. At the Turkish embassy in Moscow early last week, in an atmosphere of champagne and caviar, burly Foreign Minister Dmitry Shepilov began talking sympathetically about the "bureaucratic errors" of the late Rakosi-Gero regimes in Hungary. All the rebels had to do to obtain the withdrawal of Soviet troops, said Shepilov, was lay down their arms. Taxed with continuing to pour troops into Hungary, Marshal Georgy Zhukov roared denial. Said he, with a grand gesture: "There are already enough troops in Hungary to suppress a rebellion and maintain order."

Next day Shepilov's Foreign Ministry said that, anyhow, the U.S.S.R. was withdrawing Soviet troops from Budapest (but not Hungary) because their "further presence [could] cause even greater deterioration of the situation." The Soviet Union now recognized the basis of the Hungarian revolt as being the Hungarian working people's legitimate "struggle against bureaucratic distortions in the state apparatus." But it solemnly warned the Hungarians against "forces of black reaction," which are "trying to take advantage of the discontent."

Out of Hand. All the while, from the Russian standpoint, Hungary was veering out of control. Premier Imre Nagy, himself an old and routinely conscienceless Moscow hand, had been made Premier by the Russians, somewhat reluctantly, at Tito's behest, and ordered to govern with a national Communist Party like that in Poland. His first Cabinet had been just that, an assemblage of Politburocrats with a few non-Communists for show. But somewhere along the road, perhaps because of personal conviction, more likely because of the sheer explosion of Hungarian anti-Communism, he dropped most of his Communists by the wayside and, to keep in power, he had to echo rebel demands for renunciation of the Warsaw Pact and withdrawal of Soviet troops.

Nagy knew that the Soviet tanks, so sharply stopped by the young rebels, were

merely drawn from one of the nearby divisions, and were no measure of the true strength of the Red army. He knew that new divisions were massing on Hungary's frontiers. He saw Soviet diplomats streaming out of the Hungarian capital—always a fateful sign. Full of soft assurances, a delegation of Soviet officers had come to talk over "withdrawal of troops . . . in two or three weeks." He knew the worthlessness of such words on Russian lips, but he dispatched Defense Minister Pal Maleter and Chief of Staff Istvan Kovacs to talk with the Russians.

There was one small, slim chance to bring off his defiance: to take his case to the United Nations. Premier Nagy must have realized that this act would, in effect, be the signal for the final Soviet shutdown, but he took it.

Life or Death. This week the U.S. broke off a debate on the Middle East to make way for a pre-dawn Security Council session on Hungary. Said U.S. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge: "If ever there was a time when the action of the United Nations could literally be a matter of life and death for a whole nation, this is that time." It was: the Soviet attack was already five hours old; phosphorus and incendiary shells were falling in Budapest; the bridges across the Danube were being fiercely contested; the Russians had issued an ultimatum that they would bomb Budapest unless all resistance ended.

For two hours the Security Council debated a dramatic appeal from Nagy to Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. But at 5:15 a.m. the Soviet Union's Arkady S. Sobolev vetoed a resolution censuring the Russian attack on Hungary on the grounds of "interference with the internal affairs of Hungary." Said Lodge: "I am horrified by such cynicism." The debate was taken up in the U.N. General Assembly later, where 50 nations approved



LYNCH VICTIM IN BUDAPEST

(with eight votes against) a U.S. resolution urging Russia to withdraw its troops from Hungary immediately.

Even before the U.N. vote, the freedom stations in Hungary had been going off the air one after the other. New voices told of the appointment of the new Communist regime of treacherous Janos Kadar, and of the downfall of Communist Nagy. *Pravda* had the last word on Nagy: "He turned out to be an accomplice of reactionary forces. A woman's voice on Radio Budapest screamed 'ominous consequences' for those who did not lay down their arms. Dark night was returning to Hungary."

THE MIDDLE EAST

Blitz in the Desert

The border was only an arbitrary line drawn between two hatreds, and it had been violated for eight years by raiding parties from Egypt or reprisal raiders from Israel. But this was bigger. In the cooling desert dusk, along the 120-mile border separating Israel from Egypt's Sinai peninsula, heavily armored Israeli army units assembled at positions. Tank engines, in World War II U.S. Shermans and light 13-ton French AMXs, coughed, then roared. Behind the armor trailed streams of troop carriers, weapons carriers, artillery pieces. Some 30,000 men in sand-tan battledress rode in the convoys—a force "too big for a reprisal," said an Israeli official, "and too small for a war."

But war it was.

Citizen Army. Where once at least half of Egypt's ill-trained army—perhaps 60,000 soldiers—had ranged the Sinai peninsula, now little more than 30,000 troops remained; Nasser had pulled the rest back to defend the Suez Canal and his capital. The Israeli army, a deadly machine full of disciplined power, had been swiftly mobilized from the citizen soldiers of a soldier state constantly on the alert for invasion from any part of its 600 miles of border with Arab enemies. To achieve maximum secrecy, reservists had been summoned by telephone calls and telegrams. Footsloggers were summoned by a rap on the door ("It's my sergeant," a pajamaed businessman told his sleepy wife, "He tells me, 'Come!'"). Car owners were halted at street corners, given cards designating assembly points. So were farmers with mules. They parked their vehicles or patted their beasts and walked away.

By Friday afternoon, three days before D-day, a fourth of Israel's 1,800,000 people were under arms. At the Israeli airbases, fighter planes stood ready. A few were World War II U.S. Mustangs, some were F-86 Sabre jets, the rest were French Mystère jets—far more than the mere dozen that France had publicly delivered. Clandestinely, the French had turned over at least another 30 Mystères to Israel. Israel's air force was smaller than Egypt's (about 130 British Vampire and Meteor jets, 90 to 125 Russian MIG-15s, a few newer MIG-17s, 50 Russian IL-28 bombers), but the Israelis knew their equipment better and were better trained.

First Day. Under exemplary military

conditions, Israel's three invading columns fanned into a 70-mile-wide arc and ground westward into the Sinai's barren dunes, plateaus and lifeless mountains.

"Units of the Israeli defense forces have penetrated and attacked *fedayeen* command bases," the Israeli government announced. "This operation was necessitated by the continuous Egyptian military attacks... the purpose of which was to... deprive the people of Israel of the possibility of peaceful existence."

The northernmost column pushed easily past Quseima (see map) and fishhooked to the northwest. Its mission: to cut off the Gaza Strip, a 26-mile finger that has poked into Israel since 1949.

The southernmost column rode past Elath without resistance, raced toward the heart of the peninsula. Its objective was Nakhel, there to reinforce a paratrooper battalion which had been dropped ahead.

The center column, moving in past Kuntilla, drew blood only a few miles inside Sinai. It encountered Egyptian armor, mostly Soviet T-34 tanks. After 16 hours, it scattered the defenders.

Second Day. By dawn, the Israeli southern column had, in effect, cut off all southern Sinai, and was even turning some of Egypt's T-34s against the defenders. Egypt fought back mostly with windy communiqués ("We have annihilated the invasion forces"), a few ineffectual air sorties at Tel Aviv, and a tragicomic attempt by an Egyptian frigate to shell Haifa. The ship was crippled by Israeli aircraft rockets, ran up its white flag, the bemused Egyptian didn't even scuttle the ship, and it was towed into port while Israelis cheered from harbor rooftops.

Third Day. In a stretch of dune country in north-central Sinai, at a vital road junction called Abu Aweigila, the Egyptians threw their one fierce punch. Israeli Shermans and AMXs ran into a strong battalion of Egyptian armor, veered away from it while Israeli infantry moved to the attack. Overhead, Israeli Mystères spotted a major reinforcing column (it apparently was a full corps of up to 50,000 men) lumbering eastward along the macadam road from Ismailia. Egyptian Vampires and MIGs came in to cover the reinforcements, fell into battle with Israeli fighters. By late in the day, it was still a battle. The Egyptians were fighting with more skill and courage than in the 1948 fiasco. Then came the ultimatum from Britain and France set to expire at 4:30 the next morning. So Egypt had three enemies to contend with instead of one.

At dusk the first Anglo-French bombers hit Egypt's airfields. It was all the help the Israelis at Abu Aweigila needed. With Egypt's air harassment all but eliminated, the vulnerable but speedy French tanks engaged the T-34s. Soon the hillsides were smoky with burning tanks, both Egyptian and Israeli, but the AMXs' speed was proving decisive when night fell.

West of Suez, British twin Canberra jets whistled in from Cyprus to strike at airfields. "I must say that the sooner Egypt sees reason and agrees to temporary international control of the Suez, the less

THE CONSPIRACY

How Britain France and Israel Got Together

WITHIN 24 hours after Israel invaded Egypt, Britain and France joined in an ultimatum to Egypt and Israel—and then began to bomb Cairo.

Israel's Foreign Ministry talked of "the unexpected intervention of Britain and France." Britain's Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd protested: "There was no prior agreement between us." Despite their words, there was plenty of evidence to show that the two attacks were planned in collusion ("orchestration" was the French word for it). In this conspiracy, France was the instigator, Britain a belated partner, and Israel the willing trigger.

First & Fastest. The evidence of premeditation runs back nearly two months. France moved first, and fastest. Angry and frustrated by their troubles in Algeria, the French wanted to get Nasser. Within days of Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal Co., Premier Guy Mollet sent his Defense Minister to London to concert a joint military plan for reoccupying the canal.

The joint organization was set up and named *Amicalar* (after Hannibal's father). While diplomats attended London conferences and took appeals to the U.N., the British-French forces gathered on Cyprus. Tanks were painted sand-yellow, occupation currency was printed, plans were made for the requisitioning of civilian air transports. The target was Egypt; the plans at this stage had nothing to do with Israel.

Shortly thereafter, the French made a basic political decision: courtship of the Arabs was over. From then on, France set to work to woo Israel, the Arabs' enemy. Menachem Beigun, onetime terrorist and leader of Israel's hot-headed Herut party, visited Paris and was invited to address the Chamber of Deputies—an unprecedented honor for an opposition politician of a foreign country. Secretly, France shipped Israel an extra 30 Mystère jet fighters. On Sept. 23, Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion joyfully proclaimed that Israel had at last found "a true ally." (The U.S. embassy in Israel sent round to ask who, got no answer.)

Late Joiner. At first, Britain was not in on this act. Britain was still busy trying to oust Nasser for leadership of the Arab world. Early in October, Sir Anthony Eden infuriated the Israelis by suggesting a peace based on the 1947 partition plan,

which would cost Israel all the territory it won later by beating the Arabs. Jordan was the battleground of Britain's contest with Nasser. Jordan had kicked out Britain's Glubb Pasha, but still needed its \$53.3-million-a-year subsidy from Britain. At London's urging, Iraq (Britain's only ally in the Arab world) offered Jordan military aid. But Iraq's offer came down to two paneloads of small arms; Nasser topped that by sending five Vampire jets. As a last resort, Britain proposed to send Iraqi troops into Jordan in an attempt to prevent a takeover by a Nasser-minded government in Jordan's forthcoming elections. On Oct. 12 Israel let it be known that such a move would mean war. Britain backed down, and Jordan veered conclusively toward Nasser. It was a decisive event.

With Jordan's virtual loss, Britain saw her own position in the Arab world crumbling. Britain was bitter and disillusioned at the failure of her efforts to bring Nasser to heel. In the U.N., the Russians had just vetoed the latest effort to force a solution on Egypt. Both British and French were increasingly annoyed at U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. In their view, Dulles had precipitated Nasser's anger by his abrupt decision to end the Aswan dam deal. Furthermore, when Nasser countered by seizing the canal company, Dulles had talked the British and French out of strong measures, and then, as they saw it, reneged on his implied promise to pay for an economic boycott of the canal—leaving Nasser triumphant and unpunished.

Day of Decision. On Oct. 16 Sir Anthony Eden and Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd flew to Paris to meet with Mollet and Foreign Minister Christian Pineau. Barring all advisers from the room, the four conferred in deepest secrecy for five hours.

This presumably was the moment when Britain made the fateful decision—at France's urging—to back Israel in the Middle East. As the French knew, Israel was already on the edge of launching a preventive war. The evidence indicates that it was at the Oct. 16 Paris meeting—twelve days before Israel's invasion of Egypt—that Eden and Mollet agreed to reoccupy the Suez Canal Zone jointly on the pretext of protecting it from Israel's planned attack. Whether or not Israel was so informed is not clear (they intended to attack anyway), but from then on, Israel apparently kept France (and through France, Britain) abreast of its moves.

Answering criticism of his inaction at a Cabinet meeting about this time, Premier Mollet blurted: "You must have confidence in me. Something is going to happen before the end of the year. I cannot say any more: there is a diplomatic secret to be kept." Also, from that moment forward, U.S. diplomats lost all contact with their London and Paris diplomatic sources on Middle East matters. U.S. queries were

turned aside, requests for information evaded, interviews deferred.

The Date. State Department officials are sure that the British and French callously deceived or misled them from this date onward. On Oct. 23 Pineau dashed over to London, reportedly to tell Eden that Israel was all ready to launch preventive war on Nasser. Ben-Gurion's moment was well chosen because, it was reasoned, 1) the U.S. would not dare move decisively against Israel on the verge of a presidential election, and 2) the Hungarian rebellion, then at its height, would keep Russia's hands tied.

Eden did not tell the U.S. He did not inform the members of the Commonwealth, he did not tell the House of Commons, he did not inform his party colleagues. In fact, in the Foreign Office itself, only Lloyd seems to have been privy to the plan. Selwyn Lloyd chose this moment to indicate to the U.S. that he had fresh hopes of a peaceful Suez settlement.

On Thursday, Oct. 25, when Israel began its swift and quiet mobilization, U.S. military attachés noticed that their French and British colleagues had suddenly stopped talking to them. The French and British also seemed to know far more about Israeli mobilization than the Americans did.

Delay & Foreknowledge. The two days of crisis were Monday and Tuesday of last week. All through those hectic 48 hours, there was a clear pattern: the British and French knew what the Israelis were doing, and in advance; the U.S. did not. Eleven hours before the first Israeli vehicle rolled across the Egyptian border, Pineau dashed over to London. To an aide who asked whether there would be a war, Pineau was reported as saying: "I can't tell you yet." In Jerusalem, Britain's Ambassador Sir John Nicolls was told that morning that the Israeli army would jump off at nightfall, and relayed the news to Eden. Eden said nothing to the U.S. In Washington, knowing only of the Israeli mobilization, Eisenhower announced that the U.S. would "honor our pledge" under the Tripartite Agreement of 1950, which

pledged the U.S. to act in concert with Britain and France "within and outside the United Nations" against an aggressor in the Middle East. Only last February, Eden had come to Washington to press for a firm U.S. commitment to back that agreement.

But in a matter of hours after Eisenhower's statement, State Department officials concluded that Britain considered the Tripartite Agreement a dead letter. That afternoon Dulles summoned British and French diplomats to get their cooperation in calling an early emergency meeting of the Security Council. They stalled. Apparently they had orders to delay until the ultimatum could be delivered next day.

It soon became apparent that the British were not interested either in halting the Israeli attack or in branding the Israelis as aggressors. In London, Lloyd summoned U.S. Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich early Tuesday morning to urge that the U.S. resolution omit any reference to aggression. Significantly, though Britain and France were going to deliver an ultimatum to Egypt that day, Lloyd said nothing to Aldrich about Britain's intent.

According to Plan. At 4:30 p.m. British time (11:30 a.m. Washington time), Eden announced the ultimatum—an ultimatum that demanded in effect that Egypt withdraw 100 miles from its own frontiers and accept British-French occupation of the Canal Zone on the ground that the British and French had to protect the canal from the Israelis (they then proceeded to bomb not the Israelis but the Egyptians). Neither the U.S. nor the Commonwealth was notified until 15 minutes later. The President of the U.S. learned of the ultimatum in Jacksonville, Fla. by news ticker.

In Paris, the Assembly had to wait until 10 o'clock for Premier Mollet to get back from London and make a parallel announcement of the ultimatum. After the Assembly's vote of confidence, Defense Minister Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury stopped off at his office for ten minutes to clean up some papers, and then went home to bed. Apparently, everything had been all arranged, long before.



FRANCE'S MOLLET & PINEAU, BRITAIN'S LLOYD & EDEN

lives will be lost," pronounced General Sir Charles Keightley (rhymes with neatly), C-in-C of the joint Anglo-French operation, from his Cyprus GHQ. The political hope in London and Paris was that airstrikes alone, combined with the Israeli sweep across the Sinai, would persuade Egypt to surrender, or to overthrow Nasser. But the basic military intent was to clear the skies for Anglo-French invasion.

Fourth Day. When dawn broke over the tank battlefield of Abu Aweigila, the Israel's discovered that in the darkness the Egyptians had pulled out what was left of their armor, to scurry to safety west of the Suez. A considerable remnant got away, but the Egyptians' one big punch had failed.

Over Cairo, the Anglo-French bombing spread from airports to military barracks and munitions depots. With the assurance born of complete control, Keightley's GHQ in Cyprus warned the Egyptians what the Anglo-French airmen were going to do before they did it, with the double purpose of preventing casualties and of spreading despair.

In Tel Aviv the Israeli army spokesman announced proudly: "We have conquered the bulk of Sinai."

Fifth Day. The Anglo-French Canberras, Venom Mark 4s and Corsairs finished the destruction of the Egyptian air force on the ground, then turned to strafing and bombing Egyptian motor convoys and strategic points which might hinder the landing in the Canal Zone. In frustration, the Egyptians sank seven blockships at various points in the Suez Canal (they can later be dynamited out of the way). Bombers picked out the transmitter of the Cairo radio. (A standby transmitter was back on the air in an hour, however.)

Sixth Day. The desert blitz ended. Israeli forces marched triumphantly into the ancient and grubby city of Gaza, where blinded Samson pulled down the pillars and destroyed the temple. They found only a handful of dull-eyed, curious Arabs, the raveled remnants of an Egyptian division, and the unhappy Egyptian Governor General of the Gaza Strip. He put his name to the surrender papers and handed over to Israel some 325 square miles of disputed real estate and the perplexing responsibility for some 250,000 ragged, ill-housed, ill-fated Palestinian refugees.

In less than a week, a third of Egypt's army had been routed; its air force was gone; its terrain east of the Suez was in the hands of its most hated enemies; and its capacity to resist Anglo-French invasion of the canal was sorely crippled.

Israel, its hardy soldiers quickly masters of a peninsula twice the size of their own nation, did not even wait to mop up last Egyptian resistance before switching from Egyptian to Israeli currency in the Gaza Strip. After midnight Tuesday, little more than a week after the operation began, Israeli army GHQ announced: "The campaign in Sinai has ended . . . and there is no more fighting." At that moment, the British-French invasion of the Canal Zone was already under way.

Invasion

The transports lumbered off the ground at Cyprus in the purple-streaked dawn, and two and a half hours later dropped the paratroopers over the northern mouth of the Suez Canal. The Britons aimed at Port Said, the French for Port Fuad, across the canal's mouth. From the first instant of combat, it became apparent that the Anglo-French could not hope for a quick victory without bloodshed. The Egyptians had littered the drop areas with barbed wire and oil drums, were ready with a desperate and (one of the invaders reported) "bloody good" reception committee.

In the first flash of conflict, casualties were considerable among British and French as well as Egyptians. Back in Cyprus, beaming, well-starved Invasion Chief Sir Charles Keightley admitted that the Egyptian army was still "a cohesive force," but he was ready with Step Two in his "limited operation." The invasion fleets had already steamed out for Port Said from Cyprus.

Tuesday at dawn, 24 hours after the airborne troops hit the silk, a force of 30,000 British commandos and French commando units, with tanks, stormed ashore and into Port Said and Port Fuad.

The tank-led assault troops moved briskly through the suburbs, and by afternoon claimed capture of both Port Said and Port Fuad. Soon a column was moving southward along the Canal Zone to occupy Ismailia, hoping to be in possession of as much as possible of the 20-mile-wide Canal Zone before the cease-fire ordered for Tuesday at midnight.

THE UNITED NATIONS The Clock Watchers

Under the eyes of a roomful of grave-faced spectators, the eleven delegates to the U.N. Security Council sat down late one morning last week around a semi-circular table, to decide what the U.N. ought to do about the Israeli invasion of Egypt. Scarcely had they begun their deliberations when Soviet Delegate Arkady Sobolev scurried from the room. Returning a moment later, he self-righteously read out to his colleagues an A.P. dispatch: "Britain and France declared today their forces will occupy key positions in the Suez Canal area unless Israelis and Egyptians stop fighting within twelve hours."

A shocked murmur ran through the Council chamber. Suavely, British Delegate Sir Pierson Dixon rose to announce that he trusted that "the great majority of my colleagues will agree that the action taken is in . . . the interest of security and peace." He hoped that U.S. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. "will agree that nothing would be gained" by consideration of the U.S. resolution asking Israel to withdraw immediately from Egypt.

Allies at Odds. In cold anger, Lodge hastily added a proviso to the U.S. resolution urging all U.N. members "to refrain from giving any military, economic or

financial assistance to Israel so long as it has not complied with this resolution." In presenting the resolution to the Council, Lodge spoke with bluntness rare towards allies. The U.S., he said, does not believe that "in any circumstances this [Anglo-French] ultimatum would be justifiable or . . . consistent with the purposes and principles of the U.N. Charter."

In the debate that followed, the U.N.'s familiar two-sided world came unstuck. Sobolev eagerly announced that "the Soviet delegation is prepared to vote in favor of the U.S. draft resolution . . ." When the vote came, Britain and France, the two historic allies of the U.S., vetoed the U.S. proposal. It was Britain's first veto.

By then the twelve-hour time limit on the Anglo-French ultimatum had nearly expired. Spectators were turning uneasily to the Council chamber's big wall clock. Russia's Sobolev proposed a watered-down resolution calling upon Israel and Egypt to cease fire. Once again, Britain and France vetoed.

In a tone of near despair, Yugoslavia's hard-voiced Joza Brilej told his colleagues: "We are faced with a situation . . . which is literally deteriorating by the minute." Then he persuaded the necessary minimum of seven Security Council members to vote for an emergency session of the 76-nation General Assembly, where the veto does not apply.

With Heavy Heart. "Egypt," its delegate, Omar Loutfi, told the Assembly, "has been subject to combined aggression—premeditated aggression—by Israel, the United Kingdom and France." Indignantly, Britain's Dixon rejected the charge of collusion. His nation was only trying "to separate the combatants" and to protect the Suez Canal; its occupation would be strictly "temporary." (Poland's delegate dryly remarked that Britain had made a new contribution to international law—"temporary aggression.")

Dixon was followed by John Foster Dulles, who had flown in from Washington. "I doubt," began Dulles, "that any delegate ever spoke from this forum with as heavy a heart. We speak on a matter of vital importance where the U.S. finds itself unable to agree with three nations with whom it has ties . . . and two of whom constitute our oldest, most trusted and reliable allies." In dramatic demonstration of the depth of the disagreement, he proposed, on behalf of the U.S., a resolution urging "all parties now involved in hostilities" in the Middle East to cease fire and stop all troop movements.

When the roll was finally called at 2:30 in the morning, 64 nations voted in favor of Dulles' resolution. Six nations, including a troubled Canada, abstained. Britain, France and Israel could muster up only two other votes—Australia and New Zealand—against the cease-fire.

Now Menace. But any cease-fire depended utterly on the Anglo-French, and they were unwilling to halt action until they had achieved their goal of grabbing the Canal Zone from Egypt. They might be willing to accept a U.N. police force in the Canal Zone if everyone else agreed,

but their conditions were in fact a refusal.

In emergency session, the General Assembly voted (57 to 0, with 19 nations abstaining) to authorize Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld to raise an "emergency international U.N. force" of volunteers to police the peace in the Middle East. At U.S. urging, the Assembly specified that the volunteers had to come from small powers. Little more than 24 hours later Hammarskjöld was able to report offers from eight small nations.

While their diplomats delayed, the British and French continued the fighting hoping to confront the U.N. with a result it could not undo. Then the Soviet Union moved in massively. Moscow proposed that the U.S. and Russia jointly send forces to police the Suez area. This was "unthinkable" to the U.S.—and to others as well. Summoned (this time by Russia) into their fourth night emergency session

in a row, the U.N. Security Council refused to consider the plan. Even rejected, however, the Soviet move added to the danger. Only a few hours later, the Egyptians were inviting "volunteers," and Radio Moscow carried the call. Unless Western powers hastily rejoined ranks and brought Egyptian fighting to a quick end, they were confronted with the menace of armed Russian intrusion into the Middle East. Out of this awareness came this week's cease-fire agreement.

GREAT BRITAIN

"Reckless & Foolish Decision"

Pale and grim, Sir Anthony Eden rose in the House of Commons at 4:35 one afternoon last week to announce the Anglo-French ultimatum to Israel and Egypt. When he had finished, the House was chill with silence, the Tories staring

straight ahead with the rigidity of Guardsmen and the Laborites frozen to their seats in horror.

The first man to speak was Opposition Leader Hugh Gaitskell. Gripping the edge of the dispatch box, Gaitskell strove desperately for statesmanlike caution. "I think," said he, "it would be unwise if we were to plunge into any lengthy discussion . . ." He realized that his words must start one of the biggest battles in parliamentary history. Then, unable to contain himself, Gaitskell burst out: "But I must ask the Prime Minister under what authority and with what right he believes British and French forces are justified in armed intervention in this matter, before there has been any pronouncement by the United Nations upon it."

Angry Labor. With that, the fat was in the fire. Protests and questions came thick and fast. Would British troops land in the Canal Zone? Had the U.S. been consulted and did it approve the decision? What about the Commonwealth?

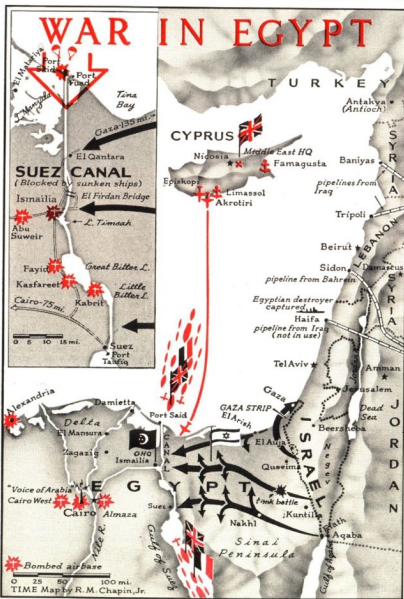
As the questions tumbled out, Anthony Eden lounged at the front bench, his long, striped-trousered legs languidly propped up on the table, his eyes on the ceiling. Occasionally he swung to his feet to give a curt, evasive answer. After an hour and 40 minutes, Speaker William Morrison recessed the debate. The Labor Party went into caucus, its members in the grip of violent anger at Eden—a man whom in international affairs they had hitherto trusted. "Comrades," declared Hugh Gaitskell, "we must attack the operation with all the strength we've got."

That night and next day the House of Commons was in tumult, with Labor angrily demanding answers and Eden confining himself to reading unresponsive extracts from earlier statements. Concluding from Eden's evasiveness that British troops were indeed going into action, Gaitskell took the floor.

"The government," he said in an understated voice, "have committed an act of disastrous folly whose tragic consequences we shall regret for years. Yes, all of us will regret it, because it will have done irreparable harm to the prestige and reputation of our country. This action involved not only the abandonment but a positive assault upon the three principles which have governed British foreign policy for at least the last ten years—solidarity with the Commonwealth, the Anglo-American alliance, and adherence to the Charter of the United Nations . . ."

"There are wider implications than this, for this reckless and foolish decision has been taken just when events in Poland and Hungary had given the free world its greatest hope and encouragement for ten years . . ."

"I must now tell the government and the country that we cannot support the action they have taken, and . . . consider it our duty . . . to proclaim to the world loudly and clearly that there are millions and millions of British people—as we believe, a majority of our nation—who are deeply shocked by the aggressive policy of the government . . ."



"Get Out." By the third day of the debate, the House knew that British planes were in action over Egypt. Cries of "Fascists!", "Cowards!" and "Murderers!" rose from Labor benches. When Labor's yellow-bearded gadfly, Sydney Silverman, demanded under what authority Englishmen were being compelled to fight in Egypt—inasmuch as Britain had not declared war—the chamber turned into a sea of waving arms and shouting mouths. Angriely, Speaker Morrison, gown flying and spaniel-wig waving, strode off his dais and out of the House. It was the first time in 20 years that a Speaker had been obliged to suspend a House of Commons sitting to restore order.

When the House reassembled half an hour later, Aneurin Bevan, who throughout the debate had been sitting at Gaitskell's elbow, summed up for Labor. Bevan reminded the House that in 1940, too, Britain had stood alone in the world. "But then," he added softly, "we had honor on our side." It was not too late, he urged, for the government to announce that it had changed its mind about intervention. "Unless the government are able to say that," said he, "in the name of mankind let them, for God's sake, get out."

Harried as he was, Anthony Eden was by no means ready to get out. By a strict party vote (324-255), the government comfortably defeated Labor's censure motion.

The Misgiving. Tory unity was more apparent than real. At least two dozen young Tory M.P.s were deeply disturbed in their consciences, and before the week was out 36-year-old Anthony Nutting, the fair-haired boy of the Foreign Office, resigned as Minister of State, in protest.

To reinforce his position, Anthony Eden promptly wheeled up the biggest gun in the Tory arsenal—Sir Winston Churchill. Breaking the political silence which he has maintained since his retirement, the old lion issued a statement: "I regret profoundly that the Egyptian reaction [to the ultimatum] has forced the present course on us. But I do not doubt that we can shortly lead our course to a just and victorious conclusion . . . I am confident that our American friends will come to realize that, not for the first time, we have acted independently for the common good."

A few hours later, in yet another effort to enlist public support, Eden made a nationwide television broadcast: "First and foremost we want to stop the fighting . . . We have stepped in because the U.N. could not do so in time." Then, in solemn tones, he added: "All my life I have been a man of peace, working for peace, striving for peace. And I am still the same. I couldn't be other."

But no amount of oratory could get around the fact that unless his gamble began to pay off soon, Anthony Eden might well find himself in desperate straits. Not since the general strike of 1926 had the British people appeared so bitterly divided. In the House of Lords the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking "with fear and trembling," declared that



LABOR'S GAITSKELL
A chill of silence, and then the storm.

"Christian opinion is terribly uneasy and unhappy."

At week's end thousands of demonstrators, fired up by a speech by Nye Bevan in nearby Trafalgar Square, tried to smash their way through police cordons in front of Downing Street.

While Labor's attack hardened, the Tories pulled themselves together again, easing their doubts by the prospects of a quick victory in Egypt. Labor, too, had misgivings about its own line. It is not very easy to oppose a war already under way; opposition risks giving aid and comfort to the enemy. In this situation came Bulganin's note, impudently suggesting to the British that "some countries now" could devastate Britain with all of modern war's destructive arsenal.

Bulganin's note shocked all Britain. In this new emergency, Labor argued that Britain must swiftly restore its damaged alliances and end its own provocative behavior in order to create the necessary unity against the common threat from Russia. Anthony Eden, announcing Britain's acceptance of a cease-fire in Egypt, turned on Bulganin. At a time when Russia is "ruthlessly crushing the heroic resistance of a truly national movement of independence" in Hungary, said Eden, "it ill becomes the Soviet government to speak of the actions of Her Majesty's Government as barbaric."

THE NATIONS

Anger & Dismay

Of all the allies of Britain and France—their NATO partners, Britain's Commonwealth members, the fellow members of Britain's Baghdad Pact—only Australia and New Zealand stood by their side in the U.N. Assembly.

Canada, torn by its historic loyalty to Britain, and its utter ignorance of just

what Britain was doing, decided not to condemn Britain and France publicly. But it was miffed by having been kept in the dark by Eden. Not until two days after Israel's invasion did Canada suspend a scheduled delivery of 24 Sabre jets to Israel. External Affairs Chief Lester Pearson called the Anglo-French decision to intervene in Egypt "a most unhappy one."

Germany was worried by fears of what might happen to NATO. Predicted one foreign office man: "Many little strains and disagreements may now become big strains and big disagreements."

Pakistan's Prime Minister Hussein Suhrawardy filed vigorous protests with Britain and France. In Dacca, capital of East Pakistan, an angry mob of students set fire to the British Information Office, shouting, "Down with Britain."

India's Jawaharlal Nehru, between dashing off a message of sympathy to Nasser and a message of thanks to Eisenhower, lodged a protest against Britain's bombing of Egypt. All week long he kept up a running fire of public expressions of indignation. "In all my experience of foreign affairs," he trumpeted, "I am not aware of a grosser case of naked aggression." After first astonishing diplomats by refusing to show similar indignation at the events in Hungary, Nehru this week cited both the Egyptian and Hungarian crises as instances of "human dignity and freedom outraged."

THE ARABS

Joining the Crowd

"Citizens! Britain was always sly with Egypt."

The voice was subdued, grim, with none of the usual flamboyant confidence. From his little office in ex-King Farouk's boat-house on the Nile, Gamal Abdel Nasser appealed to 22½ million Egyptians. His words carried also to an enormous Arab audience from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf, from Casablanca to Basra.

"Today we face British cunning with a single, united stand," said Nasser.

"We shall fight a bitter battle. We shall fight from village to village, from house to house, from place to place, because each one of you, my fellow countrymen, is a soldier. We shall not surrender. I promise you, my brethren, that I shall fight with you to the last drop of my blood."

The Pipelines. In these defiant words, with their faded Churchillian echoes, Egypt's strongman prepared his people for guerrilla war—and did not add what his words implied: that his army and air force had been badly mauled. The same day, the chief priests of Cairo's famed El Azhar Mosque proclaimed a jihad, or holy war, against Britain and France.

Before British bombers knocked Egypt's Voice of the Arabs off the air, the International Federation of Arab Workers broadcast an appeal to Arab field hands to blow up Western oil installations—"even if it means blowing up all the pipelines in the Arab world!" Promptly, workers in tiny Bahrain set fire to a Brit-



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ish oil company office. Three big explosions were reported along the Iraq Petroleum Co.'s 556-mile pipeline to the Mediterranean. Saboteurs may have acted on their own. At least, none of the oil-producing or oil-transmitting Arab nations officially ordered the sabotaging of oil installations. They seemed well aware that they, as well as Nasser's enemies, would be hurt by such destruction.

Unhelpful Allies. For all of Nasser's vaunted Arab nationalism, the most remarkable feature of the Arab world's reaction to the invasion was, in fact, the failure of the dictator's allies to rush to his help with much besides talk. Morocco and Tunisia proclaimed themselves on Nasser's side. So did Saudi Arabia. Iraq's rulers denounced Britain's "aggression." But this Baghdad Pact partner of the British was racked by conflicting emotions—secret satisfaction at seeing its chief Arab rival in trouble, open hatred for Israel. Syria—presumably Nasser's stoutest friend—broke off diplomatic relations with France and Britain, but Jordan broke only with France. The Jordanian Kingdom of 20-year-old King Hussein was paralyzed by fear and foreboding.

At week's end Syrian forces in brigade strength moved over the border into eastern Jordan, and Baghdad announced that Iraqi armored elements were also on their way into Jordan. The presumption was that they were there to help Jordan defend itself against an Israeli invasion, although their presence might also give Israel the pretext for invading Jordan. By expanding eastward to the Jordan River, Israel could, at Jordan's expense, straighten out its borders (at one point only seven miles wide). That would leave Jordan with a wide stretch of desert, and not much to live on. One of the fears agitating Jordan was that the friends who came to help might stay on to batten on the pieces.

ISRAEL

The Preventive War

As recently as five weeks ago Israel's David Ben-Gurion told his people and the world: "We will never start a war. We do not believe that wars provide comprehensive solutions to historic problems."

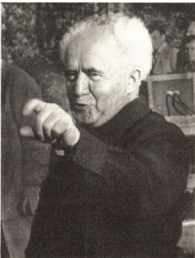
When he broke that promise last week, Ben-Gurion acted with the apparent approval and certainly with the complete support of his entire people. They went to war sure of their superior strength and weary of eight years of continuing crisis and uncertainty.

When Israel sprang into existence in 1948, some of its U.N. sponsors wondered whether it would find its peaceful place in the Middle East or develop into a "nasty little Sparta." Its 650,000 people, with the help of a sympathetic world, had elbowed their way to a place in a hostile part of the world. They performed prodigies of desert pioneering. But they never succeeded in winning the tolerance or the trade of their neighbors.

Twice-Promised Land. Back in World War I the British had promised "to view

with favor the establishment of a national home" for Jews in Palestine. At first, in the mandated territory of Palestine that the League of Nations assigned to Britain, Arabs outnumbered Jews seven to one (668,200 to 83,790), a statistic that underlies the Arab assertion that the Western world thrust Israel upon them.

By the end of World War II the British, trying to shuck off some of their worldwide obligations, sought to leave behind a Palestine that would in effect be a single federal economic unit with two divisions: a Jewish state and a larger Arab one. By that time the Jews had narrowed the Arabs' population lead to two to one, and by their industry and Western talents had made themselves Palestine's senior partner. Their young men had served bravely



© Yvan Dolain—Black Star
DAVID BEN-GURION

"We will never start a war."

with the British and won Britain's obligation and sympathy. When Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin then tried to hold them down, they went right ahead bringing in homeless refugees from Hitler's Europe by the boatload. They fought and made their own state. The very day they proclaimed its independence, President Truman recognized Israel. The next day five Arab armies invaded the new republic. Israel hurled them back.

In an earlier era the dynamic young nation would have pushed on until it had found the borders it could hold, but this was no longer possible in the day of U.N., of collective security and world opinion.

The U.N. armistice of 1949 left Israel a misshapen territory about the size of New Jersey. It was hemmed around by the hate of 900,000 Palestinian refugees and the vengeful memories of five defeated Arab nations. Economically the infant country was dependent on world Jewry for \$100 million a year in aid. The Arab conviction was that the U.S. Jews who largely made up the deficits would eventually get tired and quit, and the little state would cave in. There were many in Israel too (and among U.S. Zionists) who argued that Israel had

to learn to live peacefully with its neighbors if it was to survive as a nation. In 1953 Ben-Gurion suffered an election setback and retired to a pioneer desert community. Into office went Moshe Sharet, a modest, cautious lawyer who made some effort to diminish Arab hostility, to settle the problem of the 900,000 Palestinian refugees, to let some of them back into Israel and to join with Arab states in diverting Jordan water to desert land on which refugees could build new homes. The Arabs rejected all of Sharet's proposals.

Turning Point. Convinced that neither the U.N. nor the big powers would ever win for Israel what they might win for themselves, the Israelis preferred to make their own way in the world. Said Ben-Gurion: "Israel will stand or fall by what is achieved in Israel." If desert settlers were to be protected from the endless sneak raids of Arab infiltrators, Israel must attend in its own way to its border security. Ben-Gurion returned early last year from the Negev desert to active duty as Defense Minister. Just seven days later Israeli armed forces carried out a smashing raid on the Gaza Strip, in reprisal for acts of individual Palestinian refugees who had crossed the border to their former holdings. This was a turning point, not only for Israel but the Middle East. Egypt's Nasser has since justified a large part of his belligerent actions on the basis of that sudden, crunching blow. "Until Feb. 28, 1955," he once said, "I felt that the possibility of real peace was near. The borders between Israel and Egypt had been quiet since 1952, and I felt at peace." When the Jews struck at Gaza, that feeling left. "That is why I bought arms from the Communists. I would rather have spent the money on social development."

With Ben-Gurion back, and soon Prime Minister again, less and less was said of coming to terms with the Arabs. Following the new tough policy, Israel struck again and again. By this summer a new pattern of incidents emerged on the Jordan border, with Israel answering the smallest incursions with large-scale reprisals. Most notable example: an attack on Kalkilya in which Israelis killed 48 Arabs in return for the murder of two Israelis. Israel claimed that over the years many more Israelis than Arabs had been killed in border incidents. But hatreds on both sides could not be measured or atoned for statistically.

Not Peace but a Sword. Seven months ago Dag Hammarskjöld rushed to the Middle East and signed all parties to a cease-fire. In a major speech to the Knesset, Ben-Gurion declaimed: "Preventive war would be madness." But all the time Israel prepared. Last month, when Iraqi troops were reported massing to enter a weakened Jordan, Ben-Gurion disappointed some of his followers by his mild response. Army Chief of Staff Moshe Dayan rose in the middle of the speech and stomped out of the Knesset gallery.

For Ben-Gurion the No. 1 enemy for attack was not Jordan but Egypt, and last week the time was right. It did not matter that for weeks there had been comparative

OKAY, MR. WHIPPLE - YOU'VE WON!



AND so have hundreds of other loyal Parliament smokers!

Recently we received a highly irate letter from a man we'll call Mr. Howard T. Whipple, Jr.,* of New Canaan, Conn.

You see, what bothers Mr. Whipple is that ever since the recent introduction of the New

Parliament Cigarettes he hasn't been able to buy the original Parliament he's known and enjoyed for so many years. Writes Mr. Whipple, "Walter Stewart Super Market did not have them." (Tsk, tsk, Walter Stewart Super Market.) "And at Runyon's Pharmacy I was told they weren't making the original Parliaments any more." (Shame on you, Runyon's Pharmacy.)

Mr. Whipple, we *are* continuing to make the original Parliaments, king size and regular. But under our own name, Benson & Hedges.

You see, thanks to modern machinery, we have been able to put out a new, quality Parliament that sells for only a penny or two more than regular filters. But since we realized many of our loyal customers would like to continue smoking the original *custom* cigarette, we decided to keep *it*, too. Thus, Benson & Hedges.

In every way, from the crush-proof box to the superb, costlier tobaccos, Benson & Hedges is the same, fine cigarette as the original Parliament. Only the name has been changed. Benson & Hedges (*née* Parliament) are being produced in limited quantities and sold in selected outlets - but they *are* available, Mr. W.

Perhaps Walter Stewart Super Market and Runyon's Pharmacy have not as yet received their Benson & Hedges, but they shall . . . and soon. We hope, Mr. Whipple, that you enjoy them. May we say, sir, we find your loyalty deeply gratifying.

Benson & Hedges

Cigarettes

King Size or Regular



*Original letter in the confidential files of Benson & Hedges.

quiet on the Egyptian border (Nasser was too busy with the Suez crisis) nor that Egypt did not even have its usual strong forces on the frontier. After the big push began, Israel justified its attack by saying that it had arrested three Egyptian-trained *fedayeen* (self-sacrificers) units that had penetrated into Israel. Israel did not even bother to accuse them of any overt act after entering Israel. The dozen *fedayeen* hardly justified a war. But the fact was, as everyone knew, that Israel's case had to rest not on an immediate provocation but on a long history.

Four years ago Ben-Gurion wrote in his best Biblical style: "Ahead of us are the campaigns and the conquests, the splendors and the portents still to come." As Gaza fell last week, Israel's Ambassador to Britain Eliahu Elath announced that his country had no designs on Egyptian territory. But he added: "Nobody can expect us to lose a military advantage."

HUNGARY

The Five Days of Freedom

For five frantic days Hungary was free.

From beleaguered Budapest on Tuesday the news flashed that the Soviet tanks were pulling out. Shouted the jubilant announcer: "For long years past this radio has been an instrument of lies. It lied day and night. It lied on all wave lengths . . . From this moment those who mouthed the lies are no longer . . . We who are now facing the microphone are new men." It was the voice of the people of Hungary in that hour: a great burden had been cast off.

The first to see the unfamiliar face of freedom were the young rebels. Their weapons at the ready, their faces filthy with the grime of battle, their clothes often blood-caked, they stood along the arteries of battle leading out of the battered city, happily jeering the departing Soviet tanks as they rumbled sullenly by.

Tank Smashing. Only a few hours before, desperate battles had been fought at the Maria Theresia barracks, at the Communist Party headquarters, and at the steel mills at Csepel island. With their heavy 76-mm. guns, the Soviet tanks had attempted to blast the rebels out of their hiding places, but the "incredible youngsters" had evolved their own technique for dealing with the mighty 26-ton tanks. First they would fire on the tanks from upper-story windows, then as the big T-34s rumbled up, their great guns elevated, a small boy would leap out of a doorway, fling a pail of gasoline over the tank's engine compartment and leap back to shelter. As the tank took fire and its crew scrambled out of the turret, the young Tommy-gunner firing from the windows above would mow them down. An alternate system was to slosh a bucket of gasoline across a street and throw a match in it just as a Soviet tank plunged past.

Freedom Fighters. Now, as they began to realize what had happened and what they had done, the faces of the rebels were lit with a kind of ecstasy. There were vigorous blond students and tough-looking

Take a look at yourself at Homecoming!

Wonderful, the way old campus friends brighten old memories... the Homecoming show, graduation year, that first Hart Schaffner & Marx you saved up to buy. Your HS&M clothes come easier now, and you're as proud as ever of the way they make you look and feel. For example, your luxurious new HS&M topcoat is perfect for a properly prosperous alumnus.



TAKE A LOOK AT YOURSELF IN A VIPASHA TOPCOAT (right). It's a luxury-blend of rare vicuna, rich cashmere and fine wool, regally styled, royally tailored and reasonably priced by HS&M.

AT FAR RIGHT, A 100% CASHMERE TOPCOAT, requiring a year's yield of fleece from 20 cashmere goats. Extravagantly soft and rich, distinguished by custom details and hand-workmanship, this HS&M coat is the ultimate in quality and appearance.



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workers among them, but many seemed pitifully young. A correspondent noted a boy who could not have been more than ten years old holding himself at the ready with a rifle as tall as himself. Beside him was a 15-year-old girl with a submachine gun and a forage cap on her head. Grey with the fatigue of four days' ceaseless fighting, almost falling from exhaustion, they solemnly welcomed the foreigners: "We greet you in the name of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters!" Some carried machine-gun ammunition belts slung around their shoulders, and out of almost every pocket and above every inch of belt protruded hand grenades. Their striking resemblance to the classic revolutionaries of the Russian Revolution—which had occurred decades before most of them had been born—was not altogether accidental. Piped one 13-year-old veteran: "All us kids were trained in the party."

Under the wan October sun, Budapest had the appearance of a city ravaged by a full-scale war. The streets were choked by rubble and glass, dangling ends of street-car cables and the uprooted cobblestones and raveled steel of barricades. The air was full of the fine, powdery dust of shell-chipped brick and mortar. Soviet dead in scores lay in grotesque postures beside burned-out and still smoldering hulks of tanks, armored cars, self-propelled guns. Men in white coats moved from corpse to corpse sprinkling snow-white lime which transformed the dead into marblelike statuary. Where possible, rebel dead had been laid side by side and covered by the red, white and green flag of Hungary; but in one side street a woman wept alone over the body of her coal-miner husband. In another street, a rebel fighter lay in the sun, a wreath of autumn leaves on his chest. The revolution had not yet counted its dead, but a cursory estimate put the total at 15,000 (including 3,000 Soviet soldiers) and twice as many wounded.

The Hated AVH. In the crowded hospitals surgeons and nurses worked the clock round, with anesthetics and medication in desperately short supply. Calls for medical help had gone out to Vienna and Geneva, and convoys of medical supplies had already crossed the border from Austria. But planes bringing supplies from Belgium and Switzerland were turned back from Budapest airport by the Russians. Among the wounded being tenderly treated in the hospitals were many young Russian soldiers. They had been variously told by their commanding officers that they were putting down a revolt inspired by fascists, by Stalinists, and by Western imperialists.

Premier Nagy had disbanded the city's 10,000-man Communist security-police force, and the Russians had pulled out leaving the hated AVH men to their fate. Most of them had found temporary rat-holes. In a huge concrete bunker below Communist Party headquarters, some 200 were said to be hiding out with political prisoners as hostages. Scores hung from trees and lampposts.

The revolution uncovered terrible evidence of AVH cruelty. On a wooded hill in Buda, in a new housing develop-



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bottle registered for your
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YOU GIVE SO MUCH MORE

WHEN YOU GIVE THE YEAR'S MOST ADVANCED DECANTER
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TO THE automobile industry's great tradition of introducing annual new car models, we have contributed our share with better and newer Buicks over the years.

But the 1957 Buicks go beyond that—to a newness vastly more than tradition alone demands.

For these are cars totally new in the literal sense—and wholly different in control and obedience from anything you have ever known before.

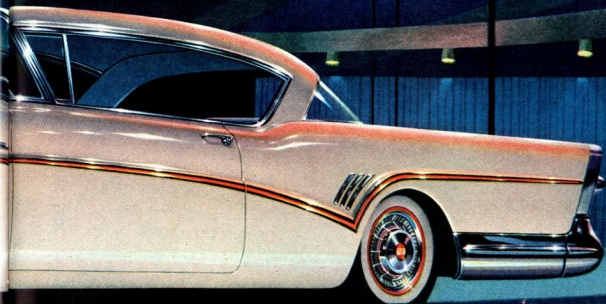
They are new in ways you can see.

In new bodies that reach barely shoulder high to the average man.

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When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

instrument panels, new controls, new safety steering wheels, new finish, new color-mating of interiors with exteriors.

They are new in ways you can feel.

In the action of an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflo* — instant Dynaflo — so responsive, so full-torque, so smoothly flexible in "Drive" that the need for "Low" has been practically eliminated.

In the answer of brilliant new V8 engines — snugged lower in the hip-high hoods of these sleek cars, yet sized to a 364-cubic-inch displacement for an all-time high in horsepower and compression.

In the spectacular surety of a new ride, a new handling, a new braking, a new steering — from a brand-new chassis of massive solidity and lower center of gravity that "nests" the whole car to a phenomenal track-firm

stability, levelness and roadability.

They are also new in ways you can measure, if you will—even to the added interior roominess so genuinely surprising in cars that stand but four feet, ten.

And each of these spanking-bright '57 Buicks — ROADMASTER, SUPER, CENTURY, SPECIAL, and a new Caballero—is new in other things to delight you, thrill you, sparkle your eyes.

Just go see them—now on display at your Buick dealer's —and discover all that's new in the newest new Buick ever built.

*New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflo is the only Dynaflo Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.

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He shaved his hidden beard in the U.S.A. *early this morning!*

Longer-lasting shaves are yours with the new Remington Rollectric. Exclusive Roller Comb action gets the Hidden Beard other shavers miss. (The pictures below show how the Rollectric does a shaving job that's never been done before.)

The Rollectric's Roller Combs also protect tender facial skin—give you an *all-comfort* shave every time. Try the wonderful new Rollectric—it comes complete in a smart suede travel case.



Here's your hidden beard. Whiskers grow in tiny valleys. Ordinary shavers skim the tops of these valleys—shave only the tops of whiskers. Soon each whisker base grows out and your Hidden Beard can be seen and felt.

Here's how Remington gets it. The Rollectric's Roller Combs gently press the skin valleys down—pop up whisker bases into path of man-sized shaving head. Each whisker is sheared off at its base—cleanly, comfortably, quickly.



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REMINGTON *Rollectric*

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ment reserved exclusively for ex-Premier Rakosi and his comrades, rebels found a villa with a built-in torture chamber and prison cells, one padded and soundproofed, another equipped with a powerful lamp beamed on a chair. The rebels remembered having seen closed automobiles driving up to this house at night. At Győr, in the provinces, Western newsmen were shown an AVH headquarters with tiny 2 ft.-wide standup torture cells, and a secret crematory for victims who did not survive AVH treatment. In the same modern building were technical facilities for monitoring all telephone conversations in western Hungary, including a score of tape recorders working simultaneously.

Realizing that they could expect no mercy, the AVH men fought desperately. But the rebels were merciful to the AVH men's families. At one house, where an AVH group was making a last stand, rebels stopped the shooting for a few minutes while the infant son of an AVH man was passed through a window and taken out of range.

The crowd was still nervous and trigger-happy, and newcomers were astonished at how many hands would come out of pockets clutching hand grenades when the cry "Panzer" went up, as a T-34 rumbled into a street, or when a few shots hammered through the air from no one knew where.

Wonderful Hour. Savage reprisals did not outlast the first tense hours of freedom. More typical of anti-AVH demonstrations was the ancient lady dressed in mourning, carrying in one hand a huge black flag the size of a bed sheet and in the other a little bunch of white asters, who marched at a funeral pace three miles to the AVH School for Communism. Naturally the AVH had long since departed, but the old lady had a wonderful hour tossing framed portraits of Lenin and Stalin and clouds of Communist propaganda out the windows.

A quieter atmosphere, but one which could scarcely be called normal, gradually descended on Budapest. Old women with brooms began sweeping at the doorways of blasted buildings. Rebel work teams searched abandoned vehicles for salvaged weapons. A man with paint pots went from tank to tank painting over the Soviet red star with the Hungarian Republican emblem. A couple of rebel tanks tried to shoot the huge red star off the flagpole of Parliament House, but failed.

There was also fun to be had pulling down Soviet war memorials. High on Gellert Hill, antlike figures swarmed around Sculptor Szigmund Strobi's 150-ft. statue of Freedom, a graceful woman guarded by the bronze statue of a Russian soldier. Slowly the crowd, pulling on lines attached to the soldier, rocked the statue back and forth, until he tipped forward on his face. There had been no looting in the city thus far, but to walk abroad at night was to hazard being shot at (see PRESS) or stopped by some tough young rebel and made to show identity papers.

Thursday, All Saints' Day, was for the first time in a decade an occasion for joy. Peasants brought food to the city and

refused to take money for it. They pressed bread, vegetables and even live ducks and geese into the arms of astonished shoppers. Old peasant women taking food to the hotels and hospitals were offended if their gifts were not accepted. The city was aglitter with candles. Where the massacre which had sparked the revolution had taken place, one thousand candles formed a circle. Everyone who passed knelt for a brief moment.

Democracy's Return. Small newspapers representing political parties long believed defunct suddenly appeared. The old National Peasant Party, the Smallholders Party, and the Social Democratic Party each found its voice. Out of the disorganized Communist Party a new Hungarian Socialist Workers Party with national Communism as its aim was formed

Youth Party, the Revolutionary Defense Committee. Already there was a "revolutionary personality" in the shape of tall, blond Major General Pal Maleter, an ex-Horthy-regime soldier who had deserted to the Russians and been parachuted back to Hungary during World War II. Like tens of thousands of other Hungarian soldiers (some said just about the entire Hungarian army of 150,000), he had thrown his lot with the rebels. He made a hero of himself by leading the stubborn defense of the Maria Theresia barracks. All over Hungary, little radio stations were roaring their revolutionary announcements, getting into the wrong frequencies and conducting debates from channel to channel.

What had come over Hungary, without anyone quite realizing it, was democracy.



HUNGARIAN REBELS CORNERING BOOED SECRET POLICEMEN
From satellite to independence to occupied country.

by Party Leader Janos Kadar. A Christian "front" was in formation. As if by a miracle, old party leaders appeared. Bela Kovacs, sturdy Smallholders secretary, recently released after nine years in Soviet prison camps, joined the government because "we must establish national unity." The Smallholders' exiled leader Ferenc Nagy had come as far as the border, but had been turned back to Switzerland by the Austrians. Tough old Ferenc Farkas, onetime National Peasant Party leader, bobbed up. Social Democrat Anna Kethly, ailing as a result of long imprisonment in Russia, was on her way back (with a supply of newsprint) when her way was barred by Soviet tanks.

At first the rebels, flames of a spontaneous combustion, had shown no sign of political organization, but now they began throwing up scores, perhaps hundreds, of local and district organizations. There was the Patriotic Peoples Front, the Hungarian National Committee, the Revolutionary Committee of Hungarian Intellectuals, the Hungarian Revolutionary

To continue holding down the premiership, new Premier Nagy was forced to yield to the pressures of the new parties, to promise free elections, to acclaim neutrality, and, above all, to insist that the Russian troops be withdrawn, not only from Budapest, but from Hungary. Thus he called in Soviet Ambassador Yuri Andropov, renounced Hungary's membership in the Warsaw Pact, and put his case to the United Nations. His first Cabinet was made up of Communists, with four exceptions. At week's end there were only three Communists, including himself, in the government; the Cabinet portfolios were distributed among three non-Communist parties, with General Pal Maleter in the key post of Defense Minister.

Negotiation. The Russians called for a meeting to discuss "technical details of the withdrawal of Russian troops." While seven Russian generals sat down with Defense Minister Maleter and Hungarian Army Chief of Staff Kovacs, rumors that had been flying around Budapest gained strength. Soviet forces were pouring into

Are you lying in a bed of roses?

If you have income left over after the bills are paid and you've made provision for family emergencies, you may be more fortunate than you realize. For you can put that surplus money to work in American industry where it may earn more income still.

It's being done by more people almost every day. They're investing in common stocks or bonds on the New York Stock Exchange. When you own bonds you are a company's creditor and it pays you interest for the use of your money. When you own common stock you are part-owner of the company and you will share in any profits which may be distributed as dividends. And through investing you may build towards your retirement. If your company grows and prospers the value of your investment can grow.

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Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS—a basic guide for common stock investment."

NAME _____

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Hungary from Czechoslovakia, Rumania and the Soviet Union. It was said that Budapest was ringed with Soviet steel and the loyal Hungarian air force had been driven from Budapest airport. The Soviet generals explained that these were merely precautions taken to protect returning Soviet personnel, swore that Soviet forces would be out of Hungary "in three weeks."

All day long the Russians had been ferrying Soviet passengers out to Soviet planes at the airport, among them, it was reported, Russia's First Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan and such wanted Hungarian notables as ex-Premier Hegedus and AVH Boss Piro. But, as the reports of Russian troop movements firmed, as rebel center Győr was cut off from Budapest, as Czech radio stations jammed the rebel stations, the Hungarians suddenly knew that their worst fears were confirmed. They had been tricked.

From the moment that U.S. correspondents had begun coming into free Budapest the rebels had never ceased to ask, "When are the Americans coming?" During the middle of the fighting a Hungarian had lifted up his son so that the child might touch a U.S. flag on a correspondent's car. Again and again, innocent of world affairs, they had asked if arms would come soon from America. Said one: "If the Russians come back, we can't hold out forever."

The Russians were coming back, and many Americans were leaving Budapest. Sadly the Hungarians watched them go. They had no stake in the revolution; they were at peace with the mighty Soviet Union and hoped to remain so—Hungary's bloodshed was only a drop of what the world would suffer in a total war. The explanation was not one which Hungarians were in a mood to understand. A convoy of U.S. diplomatic women and children and civilians left Budapest for Austria. Correspondent after correspondent hit the road, swinging precariously through the roadblocks. Said TIME Reporter Edward Clark: "In the space of eleven days I have seen Hungary pass from a Soviet satellite state, through independence, to become an occupied country." But for five of those days Hungary had been wild, hungrily free.

Out of the Darkness

The lonesome chatter of a Teletype in dead of night told the world of Hungary's return to shadows. At 5:15 Sunday morning (11:15 p.m. E.S.T. the night before in the U.S.), a man in the Hungarian M.T.I. news agency in Budapest punched out an urgent Teletype message to the Associated Press in Vienna:

RUSSIAN GANGSTERS HAVE BETRAYED US; THEY ARE OPENING FIRE ON ALL OF BUDAPEST. PLEASE INFORM EUROPE AND THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT . . . THEY OPENED FIRE ON EVERYBODY . . . KADAR . . . MAROSAN AND RONAI FORMED A NEW GOVERNMENT. THEY ARE ON THE RUSSIANS' SIDE.
There was a pause.

A FEW HUNDRED TANKS ATTACKED BUDAPEST . . . A THOUSAND . . . THERE IS HEAVY FIGHTING . . . I STAY OPEN AND CONTINUE

Inspired by Scotland's
finest regiment . . .
the Seaforth Highlanders.



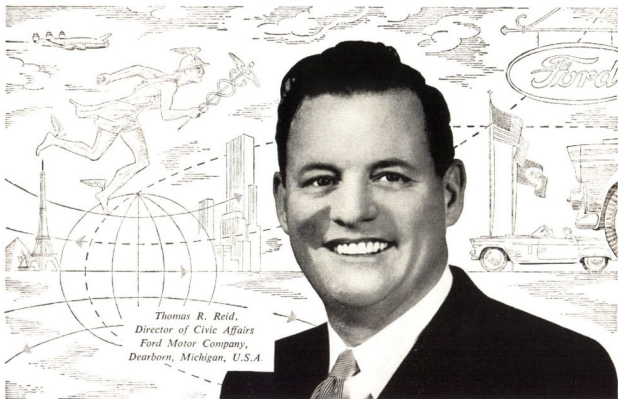
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MASCULINE —
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Here's a real man's after shave lotion with a hearty, masculine scent that lasts and lasts. Seaforth! Scotch Heather After Shave Lotion is the perfect way to start your day. Refreshing and invigorating as the air of a Scottish glen. Gives your face that so soothing, so cooling effect you've been looking for. Buy it at your favorite drug or department store. Only \$1.

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Good Neighbor Policy Maker...

In 1947, the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce named Thomas R. Reid one of America's ten outstanding young men. At 42, he is still young. Still outstanding. As the Ford Motor Company's Director of Civic Affairs, he represents its benevolent spirit. Wherever Ford plants are located, relationships flourish with state and local authorities, with civic groups, with people. Tom Reid's assignment covers nothing less than establishing and maintaining the best relations with all of Ford's neighbors. He is reasonableness personified at round table talks, giving lectures, in discussions. A dynamic life that needs a built-in power station. This busybee of big industry is constantly on the go. Across the vast American continent. To centers abroad. A conference in

Geneva; a congress in Stockholm. To reconstructed Rotterdam to check an idea from which Detroit may profit. Still, he finds time for other activities. How? That's his secret. He is a director of the Detroit Board of Commerce. He holds half a dozen other exacting positions, where his sound judgment is widely recognized. To achieve all this within a twenty-four hour day, he flies, of course. Prospect after prospect is studied and decided to the rhythmic hum of giant engines. As a level-headed perfectionist, he likes KLM. "KLM is always striving for the best in service," he says. "In setting and living up to very high standards, KLM maintains the finest relations with all who fly, and indirectly helps to make all nations better neighbors."



All over the world people of sound judgment fly KLM

*Finish dinner
with a flourish!*



After coffee...enjoy

Bénédictine®

La Grande Liqueur Française

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine.

For there is only one Benedictine . . .

the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years

at Fecamp, France . . . the World's most
distinguished liqueur.



Let this seal be your guide to quality

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK. 86 PROOF.

WITH THE NEWS . . . WE SHALL INFORM THE
WORLD ABOUT EVERYTHING. THE RUSSIAN
TANKS NOW ARE IN RAKOCZI STREET.

The clatter stilled once more, resumed.
WE ARE UNDER HEAVY MACHINE-GUN
FIRE, PREMIER NAGY WILL SPEAK TO THE
PEOPLE . . . HAVE YOU INFORMATION YOU
CAN PASS ON . . . TELL ME, URGENT, URGENT.

For the next hour, in urgent, tortured
fragments, the man at the keyboard
tapped out the tragedy.

I SPEAK IN THE NAME OF IMRE NAGY.
HE ASKS HELP . . . THE WHOLE PEOPLE
ASK FOR HELP.

Pause.

HAVE YOU ALREADY SOME INFORMATION
THAT YOU CAN PASS ON TO ME? LONG LIVE
HUNGARY AND EUROPE, THE RUSSIAN ARE
USING PHOSPHOROUS BULLETS.

ANYNEWS ABOUT HELP? QUICKLY, QUICK-
LY. . . THE RUSSIAN ATTACK WAS STARTED
AT 4 A.M. IF YOU HAVE SOMETHING PLEASE
PASS IT ON. WE HAVE NO TIME TO LOSE. NO
TIME TO LOSE.

NAGY IS SPEAKING ON THE RADIO . . . ANY
ANSWER PASS IT ON, IMRE NAGY PERSONAL-
LY ASKS HELP, AND DIPLOMATIC STEPS.

At 6:10 a.m., the connection between
M.T.L. and Vienna A.P. went dead, but
the Telex circuit between the Budapest
newspaper *Szabad Nep* and Vienna A.P.
chattered to life. SOS SOS SOS.

YOUNG PEOPLE ARE MAKING MOLOTOV
COCKTAILS AND HAND GRENADES TO FIGHT
THE TANKS. WE ARE QUIET NOT AFRAID.
SEND THE NEWS TO THE WORLD.

THE FIGHTING IS VERY CLOSE NOW AND
WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH TOMMY GUNS IN THE
BUILDING. I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE CAN
RESIST . . . HEAVY SHELLS ARE EXPLODING
NEAR BY. ABOVE JET PLANES ARE ROARING.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER.

DON'T BE MAD THE WAY I'M WRITING. I
AM EXCITED. I WANT TO KNOW HOW THIS IS
GOING TO END. I WANT TO SHOOT.

I AM RUNNING OVER TO THE WINDOW IN
THE NEXT ROOM TO SHOOT BUT I WILL BE
BACK. WE WILL HOLD OUT TO THE LAST DROP
OF BLOOD. DOWNSTAIRS THERE ARE MEN
WHO HAVE ONLY ONE HAND GRENADE.

NOW THE FIRING IS STARTING AGAIN. WE
ARE GETTING HITS . . . WE NEED MORE. IT
CAN'T BE ALLOWED THAT PEOPLE ATTACK
TANKS WITH THEIR BARE HANDS.

WHAT IS THE UNITED NATIONS DOING?
GIVE US A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

THEY'VE JUST BROUGHT A RUMOR THAT
AMERICAN TROOPS WILL BE HERE WITHIN
ONE OR TWO HOURS.

He asked the A.P. to send a personal
message to a relative in London: SENDING
KISSES. WE ARE WELL AND FIGHTING AT
9:30 A.M. Less than an hour later came
his sign-off.

That was the last to be heard from the
man at the Teletype of *Szabad Nep*. Not
much later the Russians cut off all com-
munications between Hungary and the
outside except one stubborn rebel radio
station. A Teletypist in the United Press
Bureau in Budapest composed as his final
message to Vienna an epitaph:

GOODBYE FRIENDS. GOODBYE FRIENDS.

GOD SAVE OUR SOULS.

THE RUSSIAN'S ARE TOO NEAR.

The line went dead.

"Tell me...just what makes everybody at Slick so keen about working there?"

"W-e-l-l, one big plus, of course, is our group insurance."



SLICK AIRWAYS, INC., transcontinental air freight carrier, invests in a plan of group insurance with Connecticut General. Slick considers this plan a vital step toward better employee relations because it offers *Life, Accident and Health and Hospital* benefits.

SUCH PROTECTION gives employees greater pride in their company, can help to eliminate important financial worries that often cause concern. This feeling of security also benefits Slick by improving quality as well as quantity of work produced.

THROUGH RESEARCH and experience in employee relations, we have developed a service, called B. E. U., to achieve Better Employee Understanding of group insurance. Employee understanding is essential if the employer is to realize the fullest return on his investment in group insurance benefits.

LIKE TO LEARN HOW to get the most out of *your* group insurance investment? Just ask our local office, or your general insurance man about B. E. U. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

Connecticut General

- GROUP INSURANCE
- PENSION PLANS
- HEALTH
- ACCIDENT
- LIFE



WHAT MAKES CHESSIE'S



RAILROAD GROW?

One of a series telling what Chesapeake and Ohio is doing to make this a bigger, better railroad.

Chessie's show window

The Greenbrier, Chesapeake and Ohio's resort hotel at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, has been known to generations of Americans as one of the world's finest vacation spots. To The Greenbrier each year come thousands of the nation's leaders for business, government and professional conferences.

Each year some 40,000 of The Greenbrier's guests enjoy the trip there over Chessie's rail-

road. They see the results of C&O's billion dollar investment—half of it made during the last ten years. This year alone the modernization program includes \$100 million for new diesels, cars, yards, signals, docks and other improvements.

From the grounds of The Greenbrier these guests can see the endless parade of 160-car trains of coal climbing the crest of the Alleghenies for the long coast down to Newport News where the coal will take ship. Europe's dependence on American coal grows greater every year and nearly half of the vast cargo goes by way of C&O and Newport News. Three out of every ten cars loaded by C&O are for export.

Along C&O lines the traveler will note the spectacular expansion of chemical, automotive, glass, metal, paper and other industries as well as coal. This great industrial development has added diversification to C&O's freight traffic. And it is the better to service this rich territory that C&O has grown so big, so fast.

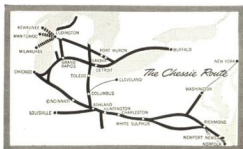


The Greenbrier has every facility for meetings up to 1000. Special combination winter rates for groups \$19 per person per day, double, \$21 per day, single, include room, meals, golf, swimming and most tips.

Write for pictorial brochure "Greenbrier Holiday", and information on special winter rates.

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

3801 TERMINAL TOWER, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

The suddenly estranged husband of British Cinemonroe **Diana Dors**, onetime Pugilist Dennis Hamilton, set a record for terse explanations of marital collapses. Said he informatively: "It is a matter which concerns only Diana, Mr. Rod (*The Big Knife*) **Steiger** and myself."

White supremacy came, as it seems to come to many U.S. college fraternities, to Northwestern University's chapter of Psi Upsilon, which has no racial-discrimination provision in its charter. The victim: Sherman Wu, a freshman and son of Nationalist China's onetime (1949-53) Formosan Governor **K. C. Wu** (Grinnell '23). Young Sherman, a bright and ingratiating chap, had been pledged by Psi U, broken bread with his fraternity brothers, even had his picture taken with them. But nobody told Wu that eight of his fellow pledges, all equally desirable fellows, had turned thumbs down on Psi U because it had let down its bars to an Oriental. After grappling manfully with their financial threat, the Psi-Uers deplored Sherman Wu. Without a sign of protest, he turned in his fraternity pin. Just to make Wu's blackballing official, the Psi-Uers had themselves photographed again, this time with an unbroken symmetry of white, 100% American faces.

Having foregone his songwriting, saxophone-tooting and other worldly pleasures for 15 days, Thailand's young (28) **King Phumiphon Adunet** this week wound up his term as a Buddhist monk

(*TIME*, Sept. 24). In keeping with the royal tradition that a Thai king should spend some time as a priest (like any devout male commoner), Phumiphon, saffron-robed, barefoot and shaven-pated, had turned his kingdom into the hands of **Queen Sirikit**, 24, who acted as regent during the King's religious furlough.

In her Manhattan apartment, Monaco's blooming **Princess Grace**, six months pregnant and 26 lbs. heavier, toyed with tiny garments and confessed that too much spaghetti and noodles helped put her in her present distention. Grace and expectant Papa **Rainier** both hope to present Monaco with a boy, but have not yet settled on a name. Said Grace: "I love the name Henry, but the Prince doesn't..." Drawing on old wives' tales



PRINCESS GRACE
A distention from noodles.

to support her anticipation, Grace wishfully explained: "They claim you have a boy if you carry to the front. It might be a boy. He kicks hard."

In Formosa, Nationalist China's austere President **Chiang Kai-shek**, for the moment at least a bystander to history, turned 70, still dreamed of recapturing the Chinese mainland, still showed no signs that the Red Chinese newspapers he reads each morning at breakfast are spoiling his appetite.

After getting a delicate briefing on discretion in necklines, Cinemarvel **Marilyn** (*Bus Stop*) **Monroe** undulated into London's Empire Theater and was presented to **Princess Margaret** and another gracious lady just her own age (30). It was the annual Royal Command film performance, and **Queen Elizabeth II**, mindful that Marilyn's country manor is near



PRINCESS MARGARET & VISITORS*
A briefing on necklines.

Windsor Castle, beamed to Marilyn, lightly wrapped in gold lame: "We're neighbors!" Also on hand to meet the Queen was beautiful-hunk-of-man Cinemactor **Victor** (*I Wake Up Screaming*) **Mature**, so edgy that he later could not remember a word that Her Majesty uttered to him.

In Copenhagen on tour, the New York City Ballet Company's twinkle-toed **Ballerina Tanquail LeClerc** grew weak in her talented legs, was unable to continue dancing with the troupe, shortly lay bedded in a local hospital. A tentative, ugly diagnosis: polio.

Wheeling along a road in Missouri, hell-giving Campaigner **Harry Truman** was confronted by an even more formidable obstacle than Republicans. Nine hogs were loose on the highway. With the help of a cop from his home town of Independence, ex-President Truman herded the beasts back into their home sty. Said the farmer's wife who saw Harry corral her husband's pigs: "The man looked a little like Mr. Truman, but I didn't see how it could have been!"

Honey-throated Singer **Nat King Cole**, slated to begin his own NBC-TV show this week, surveyed some of his recent accomplishments as a quintuple-threat entertainer—sound-tracking the title song for the movie *Autumn Leaves*, crooning (by phonograph) in the Broadway hit *Middle of the Night*, packing mobs currently into a brassy Manhattan nightspot, chalking up his 37th hit record (200,000 or more disks sold), *Night Lights*. Has such all-round success made him happy? Moaned Cole: "I'd give it all up if only I could be a good baseball player."

* Victor Mature and Marilyn Monroe.



KING PHUMIPHON
A furlough from saxophones.



FIRST WITH A MILLION WOMEN WHO CAN TELL YOU WHY...

it is appropriate for this garbage disposer to be displayed in gold

These women know the quality of product and service that have made Waste King first in Sales. That is why this is the year that Waste King celebrates its One Millionth garbage disposer...the first to go over this magic million milestone.

These women have experienced the thrill of Waste King's performance as it solves their garbage problems in the same easy way it can solve yours. In less than thirty seconds bones, fruit pits, corn husks...even paper napkins...are pulverized and flushed away to sewer or septic tank, automatically! You never see, touch or smell garbage. Waste King Pulverator does everything for you.

Waste King's success story results from its superior quality features. For example: Blue, "Super Hush-Cushions" give quieter operation...Improved Grind Chamber gives faster pulverizing...Lifetime Grind Control gives years of trouble-free performance.

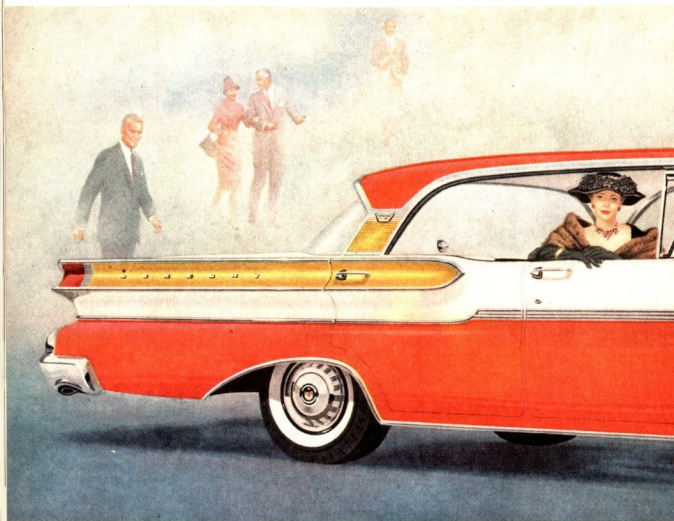
Your neighborhood plumbing dealer, who is now displaying the Gold Waste King Pulverator during the One Million Celebration, will show you how quickly and easily this modern convenience can be installed in your kitchen sink. Waste King Corporation, 3300 East 50th Street, Los Angeles 58, California.



For complete kitchen convenience...Dishwashers, Disposers, Built-In Ranges, Incinerators—All Waste King Products

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BIG M ANNOUNCEMENT NO. 1



WILL INFLUENCE THE SHAPE OF CARS FOR YEARS TO COME—Mercury's new Dream-Car Design makes a clean break with the plump, bulging

MERCURY PRESENTS



OUTDATES ANY CAR ON THE ROAD—From the back you see four stunning examples of Mercury's new Dream-Car Design: the daring V-angle tail-lights, the imaginative Jet-Flo bumpers, the sculptured rear deck and top, and the sleek, slender roof.

See the most advanced design in cars! The biggest Big M ever! More than 17½-feet long, over 6½-feet wide, with exclusive Floating Ride, Keyboard Control, and up to 290 hp!

Here is the first dream car to go into full production. It's THE BIG M for '57. A car straight out of tomorrow—with the biggest size increase in the industry. Bigger all over—with far more room for every passenger.

EXCLUSIVE FLOATING RIDE—Never before has any car offered you so many new, road-smoothing features. New

Full-Cushion shock absorbers are the first in the industry to give such amazing control on rough roads without sacrificing a satin-smooth ride on average roads. They are engineered to team with Mercury's new springing. Special high-speed valves, built into these new shock absorbers, control bound and rebound like a giant hand.

Straight out of tomorrow...a dream car you can own!



lines of many of today's cars—presents a sleek, clean-cut, dynamic look. Everything that counts in a car has been changed dramatically.

DREAM-CAR DESIGN FOR '57

New *swept-back* ball-joint front suspension now, in effect, pulls you over, rather than pushes you into, bumps.

And this is the heaviest Mercury in history, with new *balanced* weight distribution, new road-hugging center of gravity, and many other ride improvements—the most effective combination of bump-smothering features ever put between you and the road.

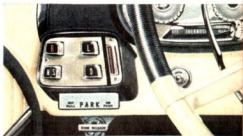
TWO NEW ENGINES, 255 HP AND 290 HP— You have your choice. A 255-hp V-8 is standard. A 290-hp Turnpike Cruiser V-8 is optional. And there

are two Mercury engine "firsts." A Thermo-Matic Carburetor controls the temperature of air the engine breathes. And the Montclair series has a Power-Booster Fan that saves up to 17 hp.

DREAM-CAR FEATURES EVERYWHERE—

You have to see the new Mercury in person to see everything. You'll find you can get a power seat that "remembers"—turn a dial and it finds your favorite driving position. But see *all* the news. See the first dream car come true, today, at our showroom.

MERCURY DIVISION - FORD MOTOR COMPANY



EXCLUSIVE KEYBOARD CONTROL — Most advanced automatic transmission control on any car. Does all this: Starts the engine, controls drive, neutral, low, and reverse, locks the transmission for safer parking, and releases the brake at a finger's touch.



The Beams and Their Wonderful Bourbon

In 1795 Jacob Beam found in North Central Kentucky a distiller's paradise—grain in abundance, clear limestone spring water, and the moderate, variable climate essential to the natural aging of fine whiskey.

Here he produced a bourbon that achieved immediate recognition; a bourbon of great finesse—neither light nor heavy but rather a mellow baritone of a bourbon—as perfect in

the harmony of its characteristics as any work of art. And like a work of art enduring.

For 161 years, through five generations of Beams—the very kind of superlative bourbon that made Jacob Beam famous is yours today in Beam's Pin-Bottle. Made, barreled and bottled by the Beams to the family formula . . . offered to you with pride through the better dealers. There is no other bourbon quite like it.

Beam's Pin-Bottle

*a limited bottling of rare
Kentucky straight bourbon
whiskey (8 or 10 years old,
86.8 proof) with built-in
Pin-Point Power, James B.
Beam Distilling Co.,
Clermont, Kentucky*

MEDICINE

Fats & Heart Disease

"No prudent person who has had, or wishes to avoid, coronary heart disease should eat a high-fat diet of the type consumed by most Americans." So said Manhattan's famed Nutritionist Norman Jolliffe before New York's Orange County Heart Association this week. "This applies to all races and occupations, to the physically active and to the sedentary . . . to the chain-smoking, tense, ambitious executive and to . . . the satisfied, relaxed barkeeper."

A mere five years ago, Dr. Jolliffe pointed out, medical scientists were still



NUTRITIONIST JOLLIFFE
Animal or vegetable?

asking whether fats in the diet had anything to do with coronary disease. Now they have answered that question with a fairly firm yes, and gone on to more precise questions such as "how great is the effect of fats in the diet?"

Eskimos & Bantu. This advance in knowledge of the relationship between diet and heart disease has been based on the highly advertised facts that in most heart-attack victims 1) blood carries an excess of fat compounds called beta-lipoproteins, which contain cholesterol (a fatty alcohol); and 2) the coronary arteries are usually lined with cholesterol. While the body makes some cholesterol of its own, the amount in fatty foods seems to be important. For a while it was thought that there was a significant difference between animal and vegetable fats. The countries where coronary disease is the No. 1 killer (the U.S., Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand) consume much animal fat, but people among whom the disease is rare (southern Italians, Asians, African natives) eat little animal fat, far more vegetable oils.

So far, so good. But a young British medical researcher at the University of Cape Town, Dr. Brian Bronte-Stewart, kept asking himself: "What about the Eskimos?" Although they eat lots of animal fat, such as seal oil, they have one of the world's lowest coronary disease rates. Dr. Bronte-Stewart was carrying on diet experiments with the Bantu; there were no Eskimos handy for him to test in South Africa. But there were seals around the South African coast, so why not feed the Eskimo staple—seal oil—to the Bantu? Bronte-Stewart tried it, and found that the oil acted as a kind of cholesterol depressor. After a high-fat diet—ten eggs a day—the Bantu's blood cholesterol rose sharply, dropped again when seal oil was added to the food. But Bronte-Stewart had already noted the same effect from sunflower-seed oil. Evidently, the dividing line between fats that raise blood cholesterol and fats that don't was not simply animal v. vegetable. What was it?

Fats are divided into two main groups; most oils from vegetables, fish and marine mammals are "unsaturated," i.e., their molecular structure is such that there is room for some extra hydrogen atoms. Most animal fats (including butter and egg yolks) are "saturated." It is Bronte-Stewart's and Jolliffe's theory that saturated fats help raise cholesterol levels while unsaturated fats help lower them.

Saturated or Not? Two significant changes have taken place in the average U.S. diet in the last 30 years, says Jolliffe: the proportion of fat has gone up from 31% to 41%, and the proportion of saturated to unsaturated fats has increased still more sharply. This is because unsaturated fats (corn, cottonseed and peanut oils and some olive oils) are usually liquid at room temperature, so they are messier than the solid saturated fats (lard, suet, butter). As a result, manufacturers of shortening usually hydrogenate their unsaturated fats—by adding a couple of hydrogen atoms under heat and pressure. This turns part of the unsaturated fats into saturated fats, which look better, smell better and keep better.

Jolliffe's startling conclusion: "Stress and strain, physical indolence, obesity, luxury living or tobacco play but a minor role in producing a high coronary heart disease rate under 65 years of age"—unless a high intake of saturated fats is added to these factors. He offered these dietary guides for voting-age men and postmenopausal women:

- ❑ Leave visible meat fat on the plate; eat fish often; use nonfat milk and non-fat cheese.
- ❑ Restrict fatty desserts, fat table spreads and fried foods to rare occasions.
- ❑ Restrict visible fat consumption to one ounce a day. This is to include all butter and other table spreads, salad and cooking oils. In it should be the daily ration of unsaturated fat such as corn oil.
- ❑ Use fat milk only in coffee and cereal.
- ❑ Make up the resulting calorie deficit

SMOKERS EVERYWHERE
ARE DISCOVERING WHY

VICEROYS
are smoother



**TWICE AS MANY
FILTERS IN
THE VICEROY TIP**

as the other two largest-selling filter brands!

Only Viceroy has 20,000 filters . . . twice as many filters in every tip as the other two largest-selling filter brands . . . to give the smoother Viceroy taste!



The exclusive Viceroy filter is made from pure cellulose—soft, snow-white, natural

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leathers are cut with
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ibility...cork cushioning...and exclusive nailes
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Crushed Calf



they flex...



they roll...



they bend...
to follow your
foot in action!



She insists on SPEED...

She insists on SERVICE...

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TCA VISCOUNT to CANADA

Fly TCA Viscount to Canada for a thrilling glimpse of tomorrow's air travel... swift, quiet, amazingly vibration-free. Viscount service to Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa from New York, Chicago,

Detroit-Windsor... other services soon. In Canada, Viscount service westward to Vancouver. Other TCA services from Boston, Cleveland, Seattle-Tacoma, Tampa-St. Petersburg.

The airline that brought turbo-prop flying to America



TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

TCA Offices in Boston, New York, Cleveland, Detroit/Windsor, Chicago, Seattle/Tacoma, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Los Angeles

(provided there is no overweight problem) with bread, potatoes, vegetables, fruits.

To find out for certain whether Jolliffe's hopes and reasoning were right, New York City's Health Commissioner Leona Baumgartner announced a full-scale test. Men of 50 to 55 who have never had a heart attack, and men under 50 who have recently had one, will enroll in an Anti-Coronary Club. After exhaustive physical examinations, up to 5,000 volunteers will pledge themselves to abide by Dr. Jolliffe's diet rules. Within five years, Dr. Baumgartner hoped, there would be enough evidence to show whether they actually have fewer heart attacks than their fellows who stay on unrestricted diets full of saturated fats.

Drug Trial Abandoned

Alarmed by continuing reports of undesirable side effects from the drug carbutamide, given by mouth for the relief of diabetes (TIME, Oct. 29), Indianapolis' Eli Lilly & Co. asked 2,900 doctors who have been testing it on 10,000 patients to abandon the trial. Most disturbing was a report that—at least in animals—carbutamide can cause liver damage which might be worse than the diabetes it is meant to control. Lilly was already experimenting with other promising drugs.

Kalamazoo's Upjohn Co. was quick to announce that tests with its anti-diabetes drug, tolbutamide (Orinase) continued encouraging, with minimal side effects.

Capsules

¶ Two long-neglected disorders, cerebral palsy and mental retardation, will get from the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness the full research treatment: more than \$1,000,000 a year for the next ten years, at least, to track down cause-and-effect relationships involving such factors as heredity, oxygen shortage at birth, injury during delivery, maternal infections and use of drugs during pregnancy.

¶ The fire ant (*Solenopsis saevissima*), recently introduced into the U.S. from South America and already a plague to farmers in ten Southern states, is fast becoming a medical problem as well, reported Tulane University doctors. The tiny creature (from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. long, red with a black abdomen) has a savage sting that in mild cases causes a severe blister and swelling, sometimes accompanied by low fever and nausea; in some allergic individuals the sting, like bee venom, can cause anaphylactic shock, and there have been several deaths.

¶ Most, if not all, major heart surgery can be performed more safely with the patient chilled to a temperature between 84° and 80° F., Drs. Henry Swan and S. Gilbert Blount Jr. of Denver suggested in the A.M.A. Journal. They found that hypothermia extends to eight minutes the time during which the heart can be stopped without damage to the brain. They hope to improve the method to cover heart operations that cannot yet be performed within that time limit.

The tire with
STEEL for strength
NYLON for comfort



by **U.S. Royal**

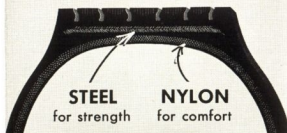
This is the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master—the tire with the exclusive combination of flexible steel and resilient nylon that is proving virtually indestructible in the vital tread area.

Its unique De-Skidded tread stops up to ten car lengths faster, *on the slickest of surfaces!* Its extreme mileage performance will prove it the most economical safety investment you'll ever make.

Your U. S. Royal Dealer or your new car dealer will be glad to tell you the whole story of the new Safety Age U. S. Royal Master—the safest tire ever built!

Your choice of sidewall design, the new, smart "Star Streak" (illustrated), or conven-

The cross-section view below shows the exclusive "Safety Crown"—18,000 threads of flexible steel, almost impregnable to cuts, ruptures and blowouts. Floating between the extra-deep tread and nylon cord body, it allows the nylon sidewall to flex freely for the smoothest possible ride.



tional whitewalls. Your choice of colors—bronze, blue or green—all protected by the patented Curb Guard® protective rib.



United States Rubber

ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK

IN CANADA: DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY, LTD.

THE PRESS

Assignment: War & Rebellion

World maps at the headquarters of major news-gathering organizations took a rare beating last week as harried editors plucked and switched pins representing correspondents to keep up with wide-ranging, fast-breaking stories of war and rebellion. The correspondents took a beating too—from bullets, censorship, travel snags, official red tape and broken communications.

To cover the Hungarian rebellion newsmen based all over Western Europe poured into Vienna and headed for the Hungarian border, minus Hungarian visas,

Barber in his seat. Delmer got behind the wheel and sped to safety on two flat tires. A bullet had creased Barber's skull; forty stitches were needed to close the wound.

"Take a Picture for Me." Meantime correspondents were building up pressure at the Nickelsdorf frontier barrier. First to get through was the *Daily Express*' Sydney Smith. When the guards lifted the barrier for another purpose, Smith gunned his poised car, shot past them and, despite their shouts to halt, lit out for Budapest. Next day other newsmen persuaded the guards to let them through in cars and as hitchhikers on Hungarian army trucks. In

into Hungary with a Polish plane carrying plasma. He landed 33 miles south of Budapest, hitchhiked to the suburbs, had to walk the last five miles. He sent out a fast-moving 2,000-word eyewitness.

"Madame Parachute." The Hungarian story was still sizzling when Israel's invasion of Egypt caught some editors flat-footed—and several Middle East correspondents off their Cairo base on swings through Jordan and Lebanon. Those in Amman and Beirut were sealed off from action by censorship or travel restrictions. Editors urgently ordered new shifts in their European bureaus to get extra men to Cairo, as well as to Tel Aviv and the British-French base on Cyprus. A dozen correspondents rushing to the Middle East were stranded in Athens when the U.S. Air Force canceled a plan to fly them to Israel, from which it was evacuating U.S. citizens.

In London, efforts to get accreditation with the British Expeditionary Force to Egypt met with such bureaucratic bungling that most newsmen felt sure they were getting a deliberate run-around. When they applied at the Ministry of Defense, they were told to apply in Cyprus. When they arrived in Cyprus, they were told to apply in London. Soon more than 100 newsmen were on Cyprus hagering the army. But at week's end only 20—including three Americans—were chosen to go to the invasion front. From Paris with French accreditation came a panel of journalists including 32-year-old brunette Brigitte Friang, a heroine of the French World War II resistance known as "Madame Parachute." She carried an official letter authorizing her to make parachute jumps from military aircraft in the combat area—if she could get there.

Inc on the Cake. One correspondent, the New York *Times*' Pulitzer Prizewinning Homer Bigart, had a hand in each of the week's big stories. A veteran reporter of battle in Korea and Palestine when he worked for the *Herald Tribune*, Bigart had been rushed from New York to Vienna to work on the Hungarian revolution. He was filing from Hungary when the *Times* cabled him to get to Israel. Three days later, Bigart's byline appeared over a story from Tel Aviv. The *Times*' shift of Bigart was only icing on the cake. Thanks to both foresight and luck, the *Times* had its own coverage wherever the news was breaking; chance found its Military Analyst Hanson W. Baldwin in Cyprus just as the British and French served their ultimatum.

Cairo's news output was slowed by snarled communications and muffled by censorship. And, with its airfields under British bombardment, the Egyptian capital was also the hardest place for a correspondent to get to. None made it last week, though some were trying by way of Khartoum and Libya. By commercial plane and chartered flight, 50 correspondents streamed into Tel Aviv. But Israel refused to accredit any foreigners to its forces, gave out the news in meager communiqués. Newsmen tried to drive to the front in taxicabs, but the roads were closely



PHOTOGRAPHER AT WORK IN BUDAPEST
Getting in was hard, getting out harder.

which were almost impossible to get. At a manure-strewn Austrian border village named Nickelsdorf, they grabbed interviews with escaping travelers from Hungary, and pleaded with Hungarian border guards to let them in. In Budapest all but one of the handful of Western correspondents had to rely on Westerners heading for the Austrian border to carry their copy out; telephones, cables and telegraph lines were cut. The exception: the London *Daily Mail*'s Noel Barber, who had a car, enabling him to commute regularly to the border, where he worked over his copy in the Hungarian customhouse until another *Mailman* arrived from Vienna to rush it off for transmission. He was gleeful at the way his job was going. "My paper loves me now!" he crowed one morning. "Oh, how they love me!"

Next day in Budapest, Barber made the mistake of violating a rule he had set for himself: no travel at night. With the London *Daily Express*' Sefton Delmer and an interpreter, he set out to tour the city. Russian machine gunners opened up on the car, almost cut it in two, crumpled

Budapest they set up shop in the Duna Hotel, a dingy fleabag on the Danube. There they got a shaky warning from the New York *Post*'s Seymour Freidin; a Soviet officer had just rescued him from a nervous Russian private as he was about to put a bullet through Freidin's head.

Other newsmen were not so lucky as Si Freidin. While covering a fight at Communist Party headquarters in Pest, *LIFE* Correspondent Tim Foote was shot in the left hand. A burst of machine-gun bullets ripped open the leg and abdomen of tall, famed *Paris-Match* Photographer Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini. From the ground, Pedrazzini held out his camera to a *Match* correspondent standing next to him and said: "Here, take a picture for me."

In the shortage of hands, the A.P. sent George Boulwood from its Bonn bureau to Budapest to join its resident man, Andre Marton. Boulwood took along his 17-year-old son George Peter, who was soon filing his own byline stories from the Hungarian capital. The U.P.'s Anthony J. Cavendish scored a feat by covering the Polish rebellion in Warsaw, then flying

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ARROW — first in fashion

guarded, and few made it. Yet they managed to file 800,000 words in the first four days of hostilities, all through two weary, sleepless operators, the only men left in the cable office after Israel's call-up.

This week, as the Russians launched their all-out attack on Hungary, the correspondents' problem was not getting into Budapest but getting out. Many made it to Vienna before the Soviet drive began. Those who did not took shelter in the U.S. and British legations, or joined a convoy of diplomats' families only to be held up near the Austrian border by Soviet tankmen. A Russian tank major summed up the menace to newsmen in the latest turn of the Hungarian story when he growled: "I would particularly like to shoot reporters and diplomats."

Britain's Conscience

Not since Munich has Britain's press been so shaken as by the attack on Egypt (see FOREIGN NEWS). Unlike the French papers, which overwhelmingly cheered the assault, British national dailies either attacked the government or went along with

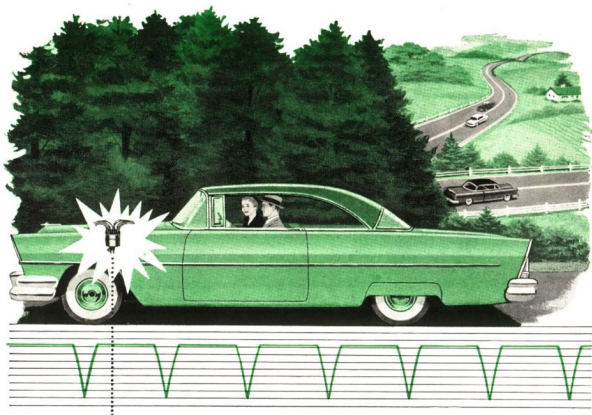


LORD BEAVERBROOK
The diehards died hard.

it reluctantly, showing every evidence of a troubled conscience.

The diehard Blimps, as usual, died hard. Lord Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* (circ. 4,042,334), whose zealous devotion to imperialism has outlived the empire, usually flaunts its dislike of Sir Anthony Eden. But last week it hailed his action: "Let there be no doubt that it is a prudent step, a necessary step and one that deserves unqualified support from the nation." The chest-beating tabloid *Daily Sketch* (circ. 1,123,855) shrieked: "Stop the sniveling and close the ranks." But misgivings ran like chills through respectable Tory papers that staunchly upheld the government when the Suez crisis broke in July.

Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph* (circ. 1,075,460), an old Conservative faithful, revealed its instinctive reaction—and its ignorance of what was brewing at 1



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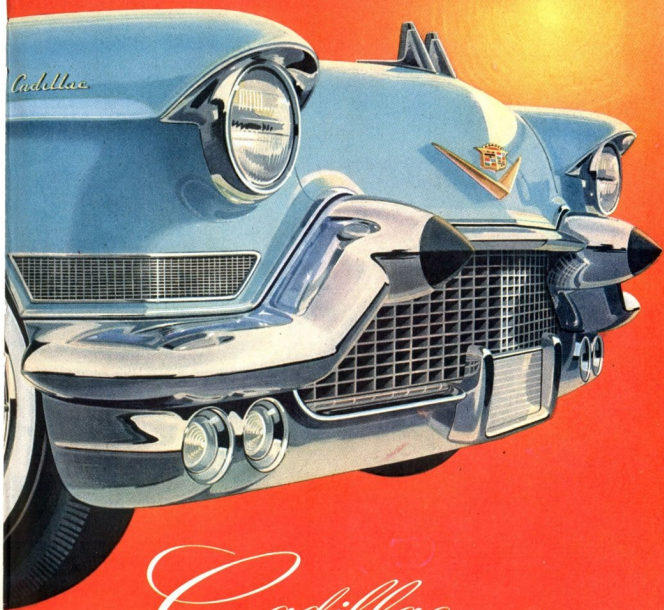
Downing Street—in its first comment on the invasion by Israeli troops: "Whatever sympathies may be felt, it is the duty and interest of the Western powers to do everything possible to prevent war." After the British-French attack was launched, the *Telegraph* treaded water for two days, mainly criticizing the tactics of the Labor opposition, before it ventured a tepid defense of the Prime Minister. Then it warned that there would be "deep anxiety" until the government could show that "this really is a police action, that [the] pledge not to use our troops for any other purpose is sincere." But once the government makes that clear, said the *Telegraph*, "many of those now sincerely and violently against them will change their minds."

The *Times* (circ. 220,705), the Tories' most influential editorial voice and an unquestioning supporter of force in August, now tempered its support with "deep disquiet." It deplored Britain's decision not to consult the U.S. and the Commonwealth, feared that there would be a "strong reaction" from the Arab world. Demanded the *Times*: "Was the need for speed really so great that President Eisenhower had to hear about the Anglo-French ultimatum from press reports?" There were also uneasy questions from Lord Rothermere's staunchly Tory *Daily Mail* (circ. 2,071,708), another August advocate of force.

"Eden's War." Sir Anthony's press critics cried for his head as never before. The *Liberal News Chronicle* (circ. 1,441,438) called his decision "folly on the grand scale," said: "There can be no further confidence in a man who has brought his country to such a dangerous state of ignominy and confusion." Boomed the Labor-leaning *Daily Mirror* (circ. 4,649,696): "There is NO treaty, NO international authority, NO moral sanction for this desperate action. This is Eden's war."

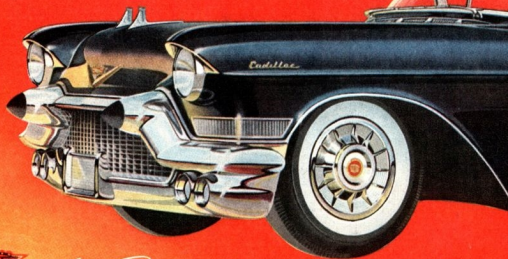
More coolly, but with deadly aim, the small (circ. 56,000) but influential independent weekly *Economist* headed its editorial "Splendid Isolation." Wrote the *Economist*: "Sir Anthony Eden has isolated Britain, except for the company of France. Inexorably the evidence suggests that the Anglo-French decision was primarily aimed not at keeping the peace, but at recapturing ground lost when President Nasser nationalized the Suez Canal. The manner in which this crisis has been handled suggests a strange union of cynicism and hysteria in its leaders."

The most eloquent blow was dealt by the independent *Manchester Guardian* (circ. 167,000), which has steadily opposed government policy on Suez and Cyprus: "Millions of British people are deeply shocked by the aggressive policy of the government. Its action is a disaster of the first magnitude. It is wrong on every count—moral, military and political. To recover from the disaster will take years, if indeed it is ever possible. In the eyes of nearly every other nation in the world, including the U.S. and members of the Commonwealth, [Britain and France] will be guilty of an atrocious act of war."

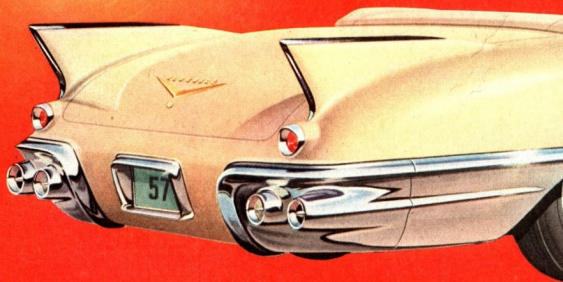


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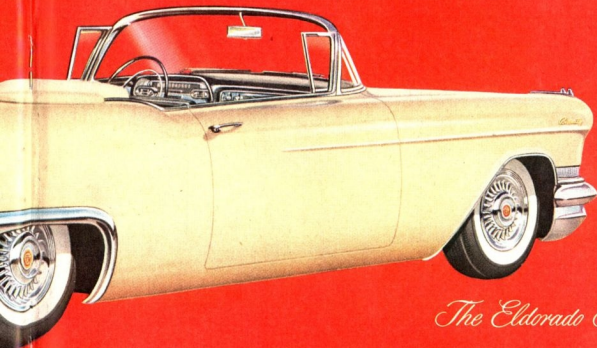
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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

Auntie Mame (adapted from Patrick Dennis* novel by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee) will likely be the favorite popular comedy of the season. It matters little that, far from being a sound play, *Auntie Mame* is really no play at all. For it will go fast and far on the inherent appeal of its chief character and the tremendous vivacity and skill of the gal who plays her. Everybody enjoys a lovable lunatic, and Rosalind Russell is a delight



Rosalind Russell

Juice from a sun-kissed lemon.

as the kindhearted madwoman of Beekman Place, bringing up her small nephew in a world of sidecars for breakfast, living herself in sumptuous dishabille, now marrying, now dispensing with marriage, now rescuing her nephew from a stuffy brand of it.

Turning a sophisticated comic strip of a novel into an even broader but somewhat less vulgar play, the adapters—with wonderful help from Designer Oliver Smith—have hit on a kind of scene-a-minute technique. Their slapdash method, though highly uncreative, is not entirely ill-advised. Thanks to Morton DaCosta's lively staging, it makes speed a kind of substitute for wit, and puts pedestrian writing on horseback. Its quick-changes also consort well with Auntie Mame's scatterbrained nature, besides providing a fine succession of new costumes, new hairdos, new wall treatments, new *gafes*, new predicaments and new men.

* A pen name for Edward Everett Tanner III, a one-time Manhattan promotion man (*TIME*, Sept. 17).

Whatever her predicament or hairdo, Actress Russell remains the triumphant embodiment of festive pandemonium and soignée wackiness. Hers is a delightful twining of *farceuse* and comedienne: she can give a drawing-room inflection to a loony-bin situation, or turn daffy or profane in the midst of playing a *grande dame*. To wonderful good nature she adds a few drops of acidity—juice from a sun-kissed lemon. Though *Auntie Mame* is really a one-woman show, Peggy Cass deserves mention as an unmarried expectant mother, and Polly Rowles as a stage star who has always started sleeping it off when the party has scarcely begun.

The Sleeping Prince (by Terence Rattigan) turns on his side now and then, and mumbles and stirs, but never once wakes up. Having given Broadway—in *Separate Tables*—the season's liveliest theater to date, Playwright Rattigan here blindly scattereth poppy while contriving poppycock. His scene is the Carpathian legation in London at the time of George V's coronation. His "occasional fairy tale" concerns a fetching young American chorus girl whom a Grand Duke invites for supper, and the night. But after a night rendered blameless by too much vodka, she stays on to meet and beguile the family, to go with the young King to a ball, with the Grand Duke's wife to the Abbey, and at length with the Grand Duke into the next room.

Plainly Carpathia should border on Ruritania, but it has none of its dashing absurdity or charm. In terms of setting, costumes, orders, ribands, monocles and curtsies, *The Sleeping Prince* is almost cinematically royal, and about as frivolous and frothy as an Iron Cross. The lovers seem wildly mismatched, though perhaps they are only miscast. Michael Redgrave works hard and skillfully at a smug and arrogant Grand Duke who needs humanizing, but can find no way to make the part pay off. And though Barbara Bel Geddes is a young dream in white satin, she also seems dreadfully ingenuine, who would scarcely mix with a Fairy Prince and never in the world with a charming Grand Duke.

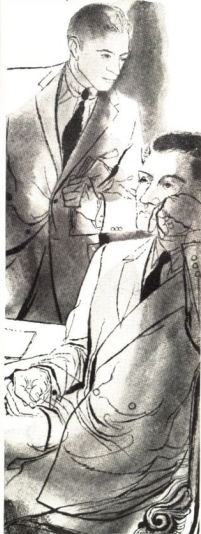
Actress Bel Geddes has some likable moments just being herself, and Cathleen Nesbitt gets an air of elegance into the part of the Grand Duchess and a bit of fun out of it. But in general it seems no accident that Their Carpathian Highnesses should be left severely to themselves amid all the coronation whirl and glitter, and that even a mousy lady in waiting should beg off attendance on the plea of a cold.

Old Plays in Manhattan

Macbeth did not strikingly differ as a production from the Old Vic's competent, rather than brilliant, *Richard II* and *Romeo and Juliet*. But it so much more powerfully reverberated as a play as to offer greater rewards. And much of its strength lay in what had been the earlier

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productions' weakness—the title roles: despite limitations, Macbeth and his lady made a striking pair.

Any competent *Macbeth* may be expected to convey the rushing theater, the rising drama of the first three acts and the intense poetry of almost all the play. The Old Vic did both things and something more. It communicated what is so ominous, so Oedipus-like, in the prophecies that by seeming to shield Macbeth from Nemesis only speed him toward it. And it caught the play's feudal, barbaric, night-lighted atmosphere, the sense of a haunted world no less than a haunted man.

At such harder tasks as countering the terrific fourth-act drop in pressure, or achieving truly tragic stature for Macbeth, the production failed. Paul Rogers' Macbeth was a heroic enough figure of evil, and at moments a man of intense, Hamlet-like imagination. But the difference between the two men that Saintsbury noted—that Macbeth can never leave off whereas Hamlet can never begin, so that Macbeth is increasingly ruthless and consistently unremorseful—is what makes Macbeth not easily tragic. Rogers could not convey what might make him so: an awful sense of alienation, that

*Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends
I must not look to have;*

of the hideous price, even should he succeed.

Coral Browne's Lady Macbeth also lacked depth, and failed in the sleep-walking scene. Yet, if theatrical, she was often commandingly so. And the two together went far beyond mere partnership in crime. There was a fierce connubial bond that helped humanize a woman who all but lacks humanity and a man who all but loses it.

Major Barbara, on any basis of talent, is certainly major Shaw. Seldom was G.B.S. so fertile and brilliant—though he seldom so needed to be. For here the tireless showman who put on this mask and that, turned to this side or the other, came closest to a complete about-face. Here, in exalting a great munitions-maker, Socialist Shaw fired, as never so fiercely again, on his own ranks. The real weakness of *Major Barbara* is not that Shaw went ideologically into reverse, but that he went intellectually clean off the road.

The play's essential conflict, or confrontation, is no less vital than it is fascinating. Opposed to the Salvation Army's idealistic, intransigent Barbara, a savior of souls, is her hardheaded munitions-making father, Andrew Undershaft, a destroyer of bodies. But the savers of souls, Barbara learns, are kept in funds by the destroyers of bodies. She further learns that her Merchant-of-Death father is an absolutely model boss, who regards poverty as the greatest of crimes and to thousands has proved a Bringer of Life.

Undershaft's moral value does not stop with his offering one of the most trenchant of all indictments of poverty. It lies



Friedman-Abelos

LAUGHTON, JOHNS & MEREDITH
Salvation from a merchant of death.

also in his demonstrating the folly of all absolute positions, in his showing how good and evil must always jostle and even beget one another. But Shaw, with his new non-reformer's zeal, turns extremist. It is not just that where he once had the brothel-keeping Mrs. Warren's daughter break with her mother, he has the munitions-making Undershaft's daughter end up blowing kisses at her father. It is not that he should make Undershaft not only no villain but a charmer. It is that he should make him not only a charmer but a hero. It is that he should suggest that the best way to keep half the world well-fed is to blow up the other half.

Whatever the logic of it, it makes a decidedly good show. *Major Barbara* is full of marvelous ideological eye-foolers and glittering intellectual pinwheels and dialectical tugs of war. Beyond that, Shaw has mingled bright drawing-room chatter with sharp cockney unpleasanties, thrown in here an amusing upper-class idiom, there a bellowing lower-class bully.

The most dazzling facet of the new production is Charles Laughton's performance as Undershaft. He is as suave, smiling, easy of manner as he is pointed and cutting in effect. And given Shaw's fireworks, he contrives no histrionics. As the play's director, on the other hand, he has invented as many tricks of staging as has Shaw of thought. For a while the two showmen get in each other's way, though eventually they set each other off. This is partly owing to an accomplished cast, including Glynis Johns, Burgess Meredith and Eli Wallach, who particularly scores as Bill Walker. Played straight, this *Major Barbara* might have been better. But there was never the sense, as of late with other Shaw, that it urgently needed to be.



INDIVIDUALITY*

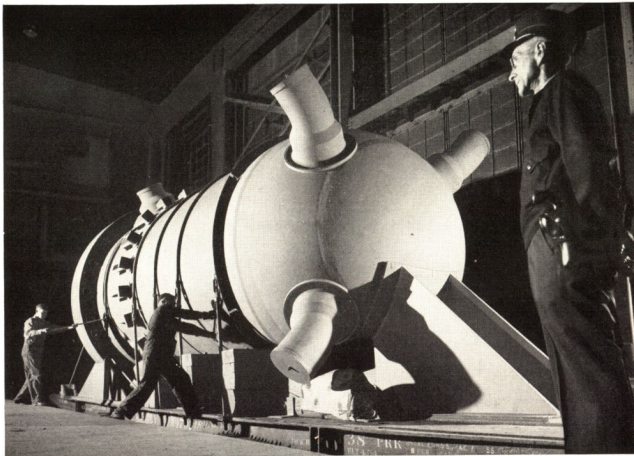
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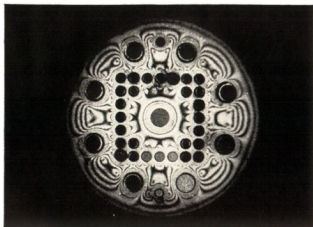
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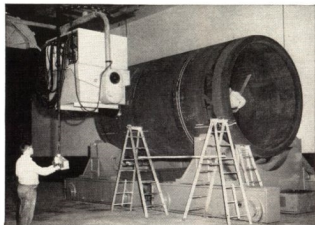
As in all its construction, Combustion Engineering made use of photography all along the way. Pho-

tography saved time in the drafting rooms. It revealed where stresses and strains would be concentrated. It checked the molecular structure of the steel, showed its chemical make-up. And with gamma rays it probed for flaws in the metal, imperfections in the welds.

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Photograph showing patterns of stress concentration. It was taken of a plastic model of a reactor vessel loaded to simulate the strains a real reactor vessel would undergo.



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SCIENCE

Prizes for Teams

In making its 1956 awards in physics and chemistry, the Nobel Prize Committees of the Swedish Royal Academy of Science recognized the fact that few modern scientists work alone. They generally work in teams or as individuals closely linked together by exchanges of ideas and information. The physics prize last week went jointly to three Americans who invented transistors, those specks of educated germanium that do the work of much larger vacuum tubes and have already produced an electronic revolution. The prizemen, Dr. Walter Brattain, Dr. William Shockley and Dr. John Bardeen, did their work in close association at Bell Telephone Laboratories, Murray Hill, N.J., and it would have been wrong to give the whole prize to any one of them.

The chemistry prize went to a team of a different type. The winners, Sir Cyril Norman Hinshelwood of Oxford and Professor Nikolai N. Semenov of the U.S.S.R.'s Academy of Sciences, worked in laboratories more than 1,300 miles apart. But they worked on the same subject, chemical chain reactions (e.g., explosions in gas mixtures), and were friends and correspondents for 25 years. Their discoveries, extremely important for an age that gets most of its energy from exploding gases, could not be disentangled.

Flight Beyond Perfection

When the rocket-powered X-2, the world's fastest airplane, crashed on the Mojave Desert (TIME, Oct. 8), it did not plunge to its death unwatched. Trailing behind it through the air were the radio reports of many elaborate instruments. Last week a part of what they reported leaked out of Air Force secrecy.

Captain Milburn G. Apt, who flew the X-2 on her last flight, was new at the job. He was an experienced test pilot and familiar with jet aircraft, but he had never handled the X-2 or any other rocket plane. Air experts have wondered why he was not permitted to take it easy the first time and fly the X-2 slowly (maybe twice the speed of sound) until he got the feel of her.

No such instructions were given. Balding, studious Captain Apt was told to follow an "optimum" flight plan. This meant that if he made no errors and if everything about the X-2 worked perfectly, he would attain the maximum speed of which the airplane was capable at the assigned altitude. No one expected him to do as well as that. The chances were as heavily against it as if he had scheduled a record-breaking auto tour from New York to Los Angeles that depended on reaching every traffic light just when it turned green.

Unintended Record. Captain Apt was too good and also too lucky. He followed the plan with consummate skill, and he hit every green light. The X-2 made a perfect drop from her mother plane. Her rocket engine ignited at exactly the right moment. Milburn Apt put her into pre-

cisely the right climb, and when he reached the assigned "bend-over" altitude (70,000 ft.), he leveled her off perfectly and let her rip. Nothing whatever went wrong. The rocket engine burned perfectly, and the fuel lasted nine seconds longer than it had ever lasted before. The speed climbed past the X-2's previous record (1,900 m.p.h.) reached a new record: 2,200 m.p.h., 3.3 times the speed of sound.

When the fuel was gone, Captain Apt reported calmly on his radio: "The engine has cut out and I'm beginning to turn." After six seconds of silence he spoke an unintelligible word, almost a shriek. A few



Associated Press

TEST PILOT APT
He hit all the green lights.

minutes later his battered body was found in the cockpit capsule, which had plunged to the desert far below.

Bucking Airplane. Air Force authorities say that they know pretty well what happened, but that they cannot give much detail without disclosing precious information about the X-2's behavior and design. The broad facts, however, are that both pilot and ship performed far too well. Captain Apt had been told not to watch his machmeter, the common speed-measuring instrument. His accelerometer, the key speed instrument in this case, could not be read directly in miles per hour. So, when he reached peak speed, he probably did not know how fast he was going. After his engine cut out, he must have slowed down, but when he started to turn, he was still moving at such speed that the little-known phenomena of supersonic flight made his controls misbehave. The X-2 bucked and yawed violently, all at supersonic speed.

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taking continuous pictures of the instrument panel. The film was recovered undamaged, and it showed Pilot Apt leaning forward at about the time that he shrieked his last word. The wild gyrations of the airplane may have been throwing him around, but he may have been reaching for the yellow D-ring that would separate the cockpit capsule from the bucking X-2. Whether detached deliberately or torn off by G-forces, the capsule did separate, and its small drag parachute opened. Captain Apt must have been hurt or badly disoriented by the shock of separation. He had more things to do to save his life, and he did not do them all in time. He jettisoned the canopy, he uncoupled his lap belt. But before the man who had flown too well could take to his parachute, he ran out of altitude and hit the desert.

Vision Probe

All sorts of gadgets have been developed to help the blind to "see" by sound or touch, but none has come into widespread use. They are generally too complicated, heavy, expensive or conspicuous. Dunn Engineering Associates, Inc. of Cambridge, Mass. is demonstrating a small, simple, inconspicuous device that may have more practical appeal. Its designer, the late Dr. Clifford Martin Witcher of M.I.T., was blind himself.

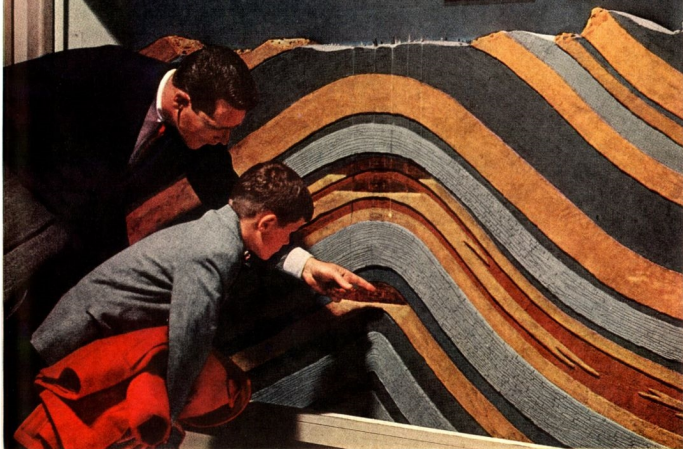
Physicist Witcher lost his sight when he was five years old, but blindness did not slow him down appreciably. He graduated from Georgia Tech, won a Ph.D. at Columbia. For sight he substituted an amazing ability to comprehend by ear. He grasped with ease the meaning of equations that he could not see; he designed complicated machinery without being able to draw or read a blueprint. Sighted students watched with wonderment while he worked with dangerous power tools.

During World War II, Dr. Witcher did distinguished work on radar. Later he turned to a scientific study of the special needs of blind people. This work took him to Haskins Laboratories, New York City, and later to M.I.T., where he concentrated on practical gadgets. The one demonstrated last week, the only one to be completed before Dr. Witcher's death last month, is called an Audible Vision Probe. It is about as big as a short, fattish fountain pen, and a thin wire leads from it to an earphone. At one end of the probe is a small lens, and inside is a photocell that is sensitive to differences of light and shade.

When a blind person wants to find, for instance, the windows of a room, he swings his probe around and listens for a faint ticking sound in his earphone. The faster the ticking the stronger the light that is reaching the photocell.

Most promising uses for the probe are in connection with a blind person's job. The probe may enable him to read meters, gauges and thermometers, locate lights on telephone switchboards and tell the color of test solutions during chemical analyses. Dunn Engineering has built 50 of the probes, which have been turned over to New York's American Foundation for the Blind for practical testing.

ANTIGLINE OIL



Cross-section model of oil field photographed in the Hall of Oil Geology of The American Museum of Natural History. Photo by Cellman.

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—THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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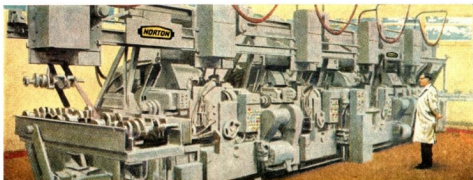
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to outer space

California's Death Valley area — a barren wasteland? Not altogether, for there are important minerals here. Borax, for one, which is shipped to Norton to be processed into various boron compounds — including NORHDE® boron carbide, the hardest material made by man for commercial use.

These borax-derived materials are characterized by extremely high resistance to heat and other unusual properties. Some, for example, are used as jet propulsion and rocket components — and so, the job Norton begins in Death Valley reaches far into outer space.

Norton, in fact, starts almost every product it makes. Norton electrochemically refines these products and

processes them into final finished form.

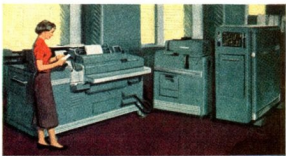
This practice of starting projects from their very beginning has led to the development of many Norton "firsts", a few of which are described below, and all of which are working out to the benefit of industry.



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SPORT

The Happy Coach

*The football season's on the wane,
December doth approach,
The frost is on the pumpkin
And the blast is on the coach.*

Thus Sportswriter Lenny Anderson described the grim days when losing coaches quail before alumni complaints and, in their wishful dreams, head south for a job at Georgia Tech, the school that has yet to fire a coach. But if the Yellow Jackets have a happy habit of hanging on to their coaches, the coaches have a happy habit



Jay Leviton—Black Star
GEORGIA TECH'S DODD

Fun on Saturday, church on Sunday.

of fielding winning teams. Last week, just to keep the record straight, Coach Robert Lee Dodd's unbeaten engineers eased past Duke's Blue Devils, 7-0.

Brought up on the self-confidence of hard-driving John Heisman who taught Tech football in 1904, the Yellow Jackets mellowed just a bit under domineering Bill Alexander, who ran the Tech squad from 1920 through 1944. But neither Heisman nor Old Alex was proper preparation for Bobby Dodd.

Wives on the Bench. Born in Virginia, Bobby Dodd, 48, learned his football as an All-American quarterback under Tennessee's General Bob Neyland. For all the hardscrabble competition of the big-time college game, he never lost his stubborn notion that football was meant to be fun. As Old Alex' backfield coach in the early 1930s, Dodd taught the Yellow Jackets a hipper-dipper type of crowd-pleasing ball that he kept right on polishing after he took over from his ailing boss in 1945. Tech backs threw the ball around with gay



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abandon—forward passes, laterals, double laterals, pass-and-laterals. Everybody got a kick out of the game, especially the alumni who now count 97 regular-season victories, only 27 losses and three ties in twelve Dodd seasons.

The squad itself gets the biggest boot of all. Once the season starts, practice sessions seem to be mildly organized periods of horsing around. Scrimmages are out of the question. "You work too hard during the week and you leave your best on the practice field," says Dodd. While backs brush up on their assignments, linemen horn in and take a crack at carrying the ball "to give them some variety." Groups wander off to play volleyball, using a goal-post crossbar as the net. Touch football is a favorite time-killer. Every few minutes the routine is changed so the boys will not get bored.

"I have only two rules," says the relaxed coach. "All players must go to church on Sundays and they must all wear coats and ties on road trips." Other coaches, hard-put to keep their musclemen in line, stare goggle-eyed when Dodd takes players' wives to games, seats them on a sideline bench near the team.

Ore in His Pocket. Opposing coaches insist that the one indispensable part of that system is Dodd's luck. "If an atom bomb went off in this room," said Georgia's Wallace Butts at a football banquet last winter, "Bobby Dodd would come up with a handful of uranium in his pocket."

Tech rooters knew it was more than luck last week when Fullback Dickie Mattison came through in the clutch with a fourth-quarter touchdown. Even when the going was rough, the worst worrywarts in the stands watched their coach calmly chewing on a blade of grass, relaxed and remembered their mildly irreverent motto: "In Dodd we trust."

Scoreboard

¶ For the first time in twelve years, Navy's football team was better than Notre Dame's in virtually every department. The middies smothered the green Irish squad, 33-7. Oklahoma's national champions took a long while to get started in the thin air of Boulder, Colo., finally whipped Colorado, 27-19. Minnesota needed a last-minute field goal to remain undefeated and beat Pitt 9-6. In the Ivy League, Columbia made retiring Coach Lou Little a present of his last home game by upsetting Cornell 25-19.

¶ Lingering doubts that America's track and field team was in top form for the Olympics were dispelled in a final practice meet at Los Angeles. Burly Parry O'Brien (240 lbs., 6 ft. 3 in.) sniffed an ammonia ampule to get a little relief from a head cold, whirled across the ring and tossed the 16-lb. ball 63 ft. 2 in. to better his own unofficial record. The mile relay team went the distance in 3:07.3, to break another world record. High Jumper Charlie Dumas broke his own unofficial world record with a 7 ft. 2 in. practice jump. Husky Hal Connolly threw his 16-lb. hammer 244 ft. 10½ in. to break the world record.



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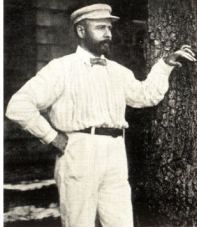
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Louis Sullivan: Skyscraper Poet



ARCHITECT SULLIVAN (AT 43)

Photographs from University of Minnesota Press

THE Chicago that Boston-born Louis Sullivan first saw as a fledgling draftsman of 17 was a vast expanse of gutted ruins, the aftermath of the Great Fire of 1871. Sidewalks were temporary wooden structures; pavements oozed mud. But for Sullivan it was love at first sight. He could foresee that up from the ruins would burgeon a new city.

Chicago was reborn during two drama-packed decades of engineering breakthroughs (hydraulic elevators, fireproof hollow tile, new foundation planning, and the first steel skeleton construction—the Home Insurance Building) that set the

stage for the major U.S. contribution to architecture: the skyscraper. And in this new Chicago it was to be Louis Sullivan who first gave the soaring office building its logical and definitive form. To mark the 100th anniversary of Sullivan's birth, Chicago architects last week were sponsoring a dazzling roundup of his work in Chicago's Art Institute. Based largely on huge blowups from a photo essay by Photographer John Szarkowski (*The Idea of Louis Sullivan*; University of Minnesota; \$10), the exhibition reaffirms the reputation of Sullivan, the man his old pupil, Frank Lloyd Wright, still refers to as *Lieber Meister*, as the first U.S. poet of the skyscraper.

"Form Follows Function." Architect Sullivan had already put in a year at M.I.T. (he entered at 16) and two years at Paris' Ecole des Beaux Arts before he was taken on in 1880 as partner by one of Chicago's top engineers, Dankmar Adler. During the 15 years the two men worked together, they drafted plans for more than 100 buildings, including Chicago's Auditorium Building, Stock Exchange and a score of office buildings that set trends throughout the Midwest.

Sullivan's major contribution was to establish the skyscraper as an architectural form in its own right. One of his best is Buffalo's Guaranty (now Prudential) Building (*left*), finished in 1895 at the peak of Sullivan's powers, just before his partnership with Adler broke up. In designing it Sullivan broke away from the neoclassic-temple design that obsessed his contemporaries. Following his own maxim, "form follows function," he created instead a building that clearly expressed its own purpose: a foundation of ground display shops, a center block of identical office floors and a crowning attic with a handsome cornice.

Imperative Emotion. But for Sullivan, "function" was not bare-boned utilitarianism. Once the problem is analyzed, he insisted, "We must heed the imperative voice of emotion." This meant exalting the loftiness of the building as "the very open organ-tone of its appeal." For Sullivan, the organ-tone required its grace notes as well: the wrought-iron and terra cotta decoration he lavished on his buildings, inside and out (*opposite*).

Sullivan's exuberant geometric and floral motifs are now long out of fashion. But for the present generation of modern architects too long imprisoned in a strait-jacket of glass, steel and aluminum purism, his concern for structure, color and decoration today places Sullivan, who died almost forgotten in 1924, once again at the center of tomorrow's architectural aspirations.

GUARANTY BUILDING in Buffalo (1895) combines simplicity of form with rich details. Vertical piers stress height.



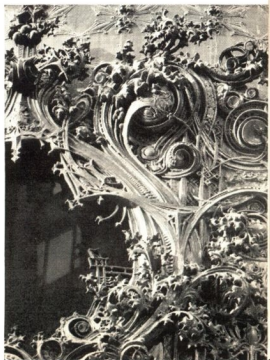


CHICAGO AUDITORIUM (1889) was Adler & Sullivan's first major job, delighted opera-goers with elaborate cast-iron boxes, gilded plaster and trellises (*left*). Rough-faced granite (*above*) was used for archways.



FLORAL MOTIF for spandrel of St. Louis' Wainwright Building (1890) derived from Sullivan's long study of botanical forms.

RICH FRAME for elegant wares sheathes lower story of Sullivan department store (1904), now Chicago's Carson Pirie Scott.



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The Cardinals

In a gloomy house in the Hungarian village of Felsőpeteny, 45 miles northwest of Budapest, Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, free from prison these 15 months but not a free man, sat alone at dinner. People in the area knew the house as an atomic-research station of some mysterious sort: that was the explanation the Communists had given for the heavy armed guard that surrounded it. Mindszenty's guards paced about uneasily, and a Russian tank stood near by. Suddenly, out of the darkness a small band of young

Blessed Weapons. Mindszenty's rescuers whisked him to a nearby military barracks, where everyone broke out with joy to celebrate his release. Early the next morning three armored vehicles escorted the cardinal over the battle-torn roads of Budapest. In towns and villages along the way, people threw flowers before his car. The new Nagy government declared the cardinal's trial and imprisonment to have been entirely illegal, that his ecclesiastical rights as Primate of Hungary were inviolable. Before a cheering crowd at his release, Mindszenty appeared, a small Hungarian tricolor pinned to his cassock.



HUNGARY'S CARDINAL MINDSZENTY AFTER RELEASE
A spectacle of spectacles to angels and to men.

Erich Lessing—

revolutionaries appeared, brandishing machine guns. Before their gun barrels, Mindszenty's guards quickly surrendered. The liberators broke in upon the surprised cardinal. With tear-filled eyes he said: "You are good Hungarian boys."

Thus, almost eight years after his trial and imprisonment on trumped-up treason charges, Cardinal Mindszenty, 64, Prince Primate of all Hungary and most famed prelate of the "Silent Church," last week came forth to freedom—a freedom that might prove tragically short-lived.

During the years of his captivity, his uneasy jailers had moved him from prison to prison to mislead possible rescuers. He was guarded by a cordon of political policemen, policewomen, police dogs and, lately, Russian tanks. During those years, the Communists strove with all their might to destroy the faith of Eastern Europe's 60 million Catholics. As Mindszenty went free, their failure was obvious to the world: the Church of Silence now spoke out with undimmed vigor.

ordeal had left his face drawn, and he was more stooped and grey than Hungary remembered him, but his eyes were bright and alert. Machine-gun-toting young soldiers moved forward and solicitously placed a fur-lined coat over his shoulders to guard him from the crisp air.

"I bless the weapons of the Hungarians," said Mindszenty. "I trust that the glory acquired by Hungarian weapons will become greater yet should the need arise. He was bitter about the West. "At a time when no one in the world, not even the big powers, dared to do, was done in small and forlorn Hungary. Our people started the fight for their faith in this country. The Hungarian people are working for the world, especially the big powers, whose business it should have been to handle this affair, to stand up in action."

Four days later events gave terrible point to his words. It was the Russians who "stood up in action," sweeping in Hungary with the full, brutal weight of their armor. The cardinal took refuge



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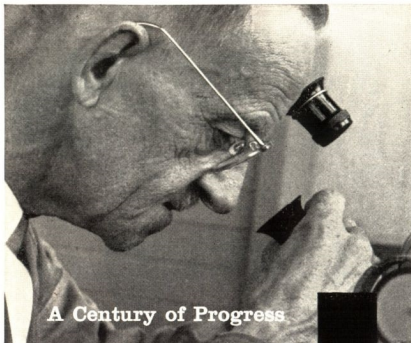
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Write for Eterna's illustrated centennial brochure in color Department T-1

in the U.S. embassy while the battle raged outside.

Have Faith. Two nights before Mindszenty's dramatic release by the Hungarian rebels, another Iron Curtain prelate was freed: Poland's Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski. Prodded by fervent demands for his release from all over Poland, the Gomulka regime sent emissaries to Wyszynski's monastery exile in the Carpathian Mountains to bring him back. Last week the cardinal was driven by a government sedan through a cold rain to the grey stone archbishop's palace in Warsaw. Next day, after meeting with clergy from all over Poland, he went out



Associated Press
POLAND'S CARDINAL WYSZYNSKI
A sudden flash in the dark.

before the waiting crowds. They cheered, wept, sang "God protects Poland."

Wyszynski sounded more conciliatory than Mindszenty. Said he: "We have won. Have faith in God. I did. Through faith in God all things are possible... I hope that quiet and secure times have now begun for you and your church. It is up to you to keep the peace."

Unlike Mindszenty, Cardinal Wyszynski had not even had a mock trial. After denouncing Poland's Red regime, he was arrested in 1953, simply disappeared from view. He, too, was moved constantly, was guarded at one time by 60 security police. The cardinals' steadfastness under persecution, Pope Pius XII had said, was "a spectacle of spectacles to the world, to angels and to men."

The Future. The Communists' much-feared indoctrination of youth had obviously been ineffective, for it was, principally, youth in both cases who triggered the satellite uprisings. While hope lasted that the independent regimes in Hungary and Poland might survive, Roman Catholics also hoped that the "national church" movements set up by Communist-coddled "peace priests" would collapse. Mindszenty, it was predicted, would be a powerful



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The great train robbery that steel stopped in its tracks

Faulty flooring in freight cars was looting our railroads of millions annually, until...

FOR almost as long as railroads have been in the business of hauling freight, they have sought an answer to this problem: how to plug the leaks in lost time, revenue and damaged goods that were bleeding them of millions of dollars a year because of inadequate freight car flooring.

Then, in 1947, National Steel came up with a solution now hailed as one of the greatest dollar-savers in railroad history. The solution: Nailable Steel Flooring, with which more than 40,000 boxcars and gondolas on 60 leading railroads are equipped today. Nearly 50 percent of all boxcars built in 1955 were so equipped.

What Is N-S-F?

N-S-F is made of durable, corrosion-resistant N-A-X HIGH-TENSILE steel, formed into channels welded together to form a unique nailing groove. It's not just a floor "plate" but an integral and impact-resistant part of the car itself.

Its patented nailing groove holds blocked freight firmly, yet when nails are removed, the floor remains unscarred and secure. Thus steel's non-decaying, non-splintering strength is ideally combined with the nailing advantage of wood.

With N-S-F, floors are table-smooth. Cars are reinforced at critical points, can take any kind of lading in stride. They can safely support the heaviest loaded lift trucks, without the gouging stress and actual breakthroughs that endanger personnel and cargo on weakened ordinary floors.

Railroads and Shippers Benefit

Wood floors must be repaired every two years on the average, and often

after only a few months' use. And usually they must be completely replaced after five years at considerable cost in money and lost service time. But no floor failures are reported with N-S-F.

This assurance of uninterrupted service year after year gives N-S-F-equipped cars decided competitive advantages. Shippers prefer these cars because loading and unloading is easier, faster... and there is less likelihood of damage to their goods. And because they are suitable for all freight and all loading methods, the cars are less likely to drain away revenue as expensive empties.

Rough freight (like scrap iron) or bulk freight (like sand)—it's all the same to N-S-F cars. Gondolas, for example, can haul one kind one way,

return with a load of the other. And in boxcar haulage, there's no damage, no leakage, no spoilage of a load such as grain. N-S-F is not only enduringly smooth and strong but clean, too—prevents contamination from previous freight.

National Steel's Role

The development of N-S-F by our Stran-Steel Corporation (it's made and sold in the U.S.A. only by this firm) is another example of National Steel making better steels for the better products of American industry.

At National Steel it is our constant goal to produce steel—America's great bargain metal—of the quality and in the quantity wanted, when it is wanted, at the lowest possible cost to our customers.

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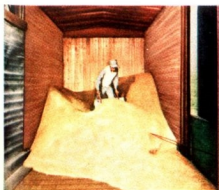
PITTSBURGH, PA.



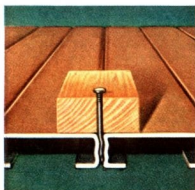
Nailable Steel Flooring is ideal for finished freight that must be tightly secured by blocks nailed into place. Loads can be blocked, nailed right to it.



N-S-F keeps cars in service even under the hardest usage. It is so strong that it withstands the strain and pounding of mechanical loading devices.



N-S-F is equally right for loose bulk freight such as grain. Self-sealing filler between steel channels maintains a smooth, tight floor, prevents leakage.



N-S-F is made of low-alloy N-A-X HIGH-TENSILE steel formed into channels and welded together to form a unique nailing groove as you see here.

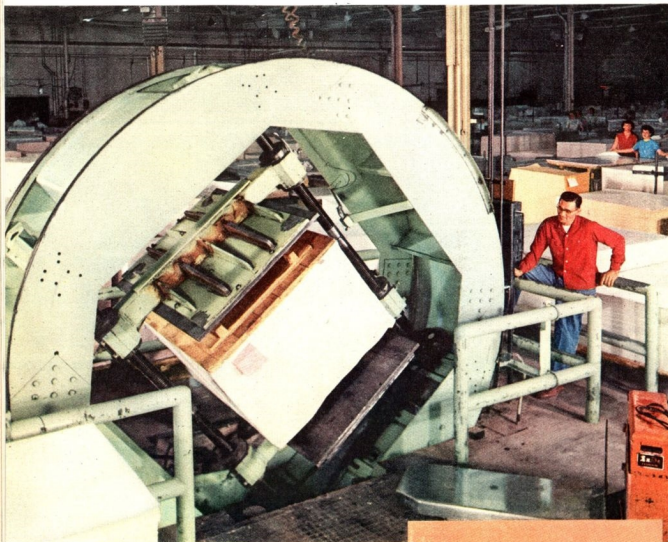


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CHAMPION Sets the Pace in Papermaking

d'Arzian



Efficiency expert: the skid flopper at Champion's Ohio Division.

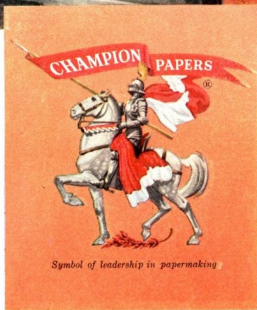
Once over lightly delivers Champion's quality papers right side up

Efficiency is a fundamental in papermaking at Champion. One example of this is the skid flopper, designed and built by Champion, which turns large skids of paper over so that the side specified by the customer will be face up when delivered. This saves handling time in the mill and in the printer's pressroom, as well. Through constant improvement of process and service, Champion continues to set the pace in papermaking.

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voice in the political life of the country. The new Polish regime promised to negotiate for the return of church property. But all such hopes were brutally shaken this week by the Russians.

Some 14 Catholic bishops or apostolic administrators in Poland are still imprisoned, detained, or barred from exercising their spiritual authority, and many nuns and priests are still imprisoned in the satellites. Archbishop Joseph Beran of Prague and Yugoslavia's Aloysius Cardinal Stepinac are held by the Communists. Both Cardinals Mindszenty and Wyszynski could again share the fate of those prisoners; the two cardinals' freedom might turn out to be only an episode. If so, it would not be forgotten. Like a sudden flash, it lighted up the dark scene and showed clearly the continuing, fervent faith of the satellite peoples.

Said Pope Pius XII: "It is necessary to pray now more than ever."

Words & Works

¶ At its biennial convention the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations in America backed members of a Mount Clemens, Mich., synagogue who are seeking court action against trustees trying to mix men and women in the synagogue pews. Said Union President Moses I. Feuerstein: mixed pews, forbidden by traditional Jewish law, are "the direct influence of the [Christian] church on the synagogue."

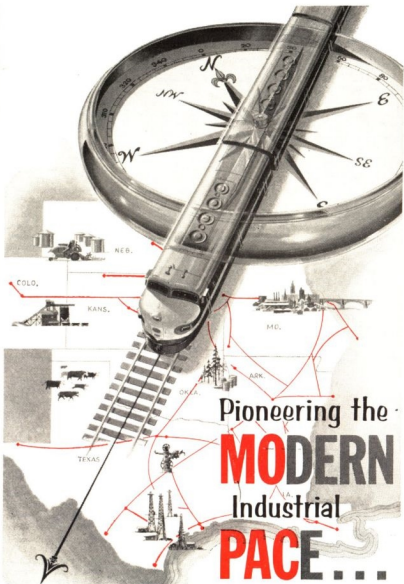
¶ Protestants should avoid "vicarious Pope baiting" at their Reformation festivals, said Lutheran Scholar Dr. Jaroslav J. Pelikan Jr., instead make the festivals an "opportunity for serious self-examination of their own reasons for existence." Anti-Roman Catholic sentiments often are voiced by Protestants "whose Protestantism Luther or Calvin would have a hard time recognizing."

¶ Scotland's Baptist Union, assembling at Edinburgh, was debating a motion to raise the yearly minimum wage (\$1.036 plus a house) of its ministers when a sturdy dockworker rose, announced that his salary was \$3,360, and made a strong plea for the underpaid clergy. "That is well said," replied the Rev. John McBeath, assembly president, "but let me remind you that you canna tak the brecks off a Hielan' mon!" Nonetheless, the assembly voted a \$1.40 increase.

¶ The Norwegian Parliament repealed a constitutional clause excluding the Jesuits from the officially Lutheran country, thus ending a 142-year-old ban that once also included "other monkish" orders and Jews.

¶ Perfume made by the Cistercian monks of Caldy Island, off Wales, will be introduced early next year by Sybil Connolly, Ireland's leading fashion designer. First offering: "Caldy Bouquet."

¶ A Montreal Superior Court judge ruled that testimony may not be accepted from a witness who does not believe in heaven or hell. Judge Claude Prevost refused to allow the plaintiff in a damage action to give evidence under oath, because she belongs to *La Mission de L'Esprit Saint*, a Protestant sect which does not believe in reward or punishment after death.



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**MISSOURI
PACIFIC
LINES**

ROUTE OF THE EAGLES

BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS Middle-East Echoes

When war breaks out, so goes the Wall Street maxim, stocks go down and commodities go up. Last week the maxim once more proved true. The news from Egypt set off the widest break in the New York Stock Exchange since the President's ileitis attack of June 8. Led by Royal Dutch-Shell, Gulf Oil and other oil companies with large Mideast holdings, the Dow-Jones industrial average dropped 6.62 to 479.85. But when the President pledged "no involvement," the market bounced up again. At week's end the market had more than regained its losses.

When the news of Anglo-French military action hit Chicago's mammoth Board of Trade, a flood of orders overwhelmed the grain pits, turned them into a bedlam as traders bawled bids and offers. Wheat, corn, rye, cotton, soybeans, lard—just about everything except onions—soared on the prospects of war shortages, sent the Dow-Jones Commodity Futures Index up 1.66 points to 165.79 for the largest one-day advance in 2½ months.

Freighter Breakout. The war was not the only reason for action; there was an expectation that even if the Mideast trouble should be settled, large shipments of commodities would be sent into the area by the U.S. The Government had already scheduled a vast surplus-grain program for India, was negotiating a wheat agreement with Israel and talking of shipping food—mostly wheat—to Poland, Hungary, and other rebellious Russian satellites. To transport the vast amount of commodities the Maritime Administration last week released thirty 10,000-ton wartime freighters from its reserve fleet.



PHILCO'S BALDERSTON
On with the work.

But the concern over oil remained. The Middle East had been shipping 2,000,000 bbls. daily to Western Europe, 1,200,000 by tanker through the Suez Canal, the other 800,000 bbls. via pipeline from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, where tankers picked it up. Another 300,000 bbls. daily had been going from the Mideast to the U.S.

Tanker Shortage. If the canal and the pipelines should close down, the West would have to find new sources of oil and tankers to move it. The Western Hemisphere could step up production an estimated 1,300,000 bbls. to 1,500,000 bbls. without much trouble—enough for all U.S. needs and more than half of Western Europe's. But tankers are in the shortest supply ever. Sending them around the Cape of Good Hope instead of through the canal would lengthen the Persian Gulf-Rotterdam round trip from 44 to 71 days. Experts estimated that the Suez closing would require the addition of at least 144 tankers just to handle the substitute oil shipments from the Western Hemisphere. The U.S. has 34 in reserve, last week the U.S. took six of the T-25 out of mothballs, put them on sale, ordered another seven made ready. Whatever the U.S. diplomatic position toward Anglo-French aggression, the U.S. Maritime Administration was going ahead with plans to release tankers for an oil lift to Western Europe.

INDUSTRY

Fight for Appliances

The holder of the oldest name in automatic washers tossed in the towel last week. Bendix Home Appliances, which brought out the world's first automatic washer in 1937, will be sold, pending approval of final terms, by Avco Manufacturing Corp. to Philco Corp. Avco also said it will close its money-losing Crosley appliance business (refrigerators, ranges, radio-TV), leaving 78 distributors around the nation with nothing to distribute. Chairman Victor Emanuel ticked off a host of reasons for Avco's retreat from appliances: "Increasingly severe competition, large over-capacities, rampant price-cutting, rising costs of labor and material."

Like Autos. Like Avco, many another appliance maker has found itself unable to cover the high costs of nationwide distribution, of straining to produce a full line of models and retooling for new models. As a result, the industry is going through the same kind of consolidation that the automobile industry experienced. Said Westinghouse Vice President Chris J. Witting: "Appliances can be expected to follow the path of automobiles, with half a dozen companies covering the field."

Sales already are rapidly concentrating among the industry's Big Five: General Electric, Westinghouse, Philco, RCA and General Motors' Frigidaire Division.

In recent years almost 200 makers of appliances have merged or liquidated. Last



AVCO'S EMANUEL
In with the towel.

year International Harvester shuttered its refrigerator and freezer branches. March Deerp Freeze, a household discontinued business. Thor Corp. dropped its washing-machine business. TV manufacturers liquidated by the handful or out to bigger companies.

"This year has been the most rugged history," says Bernard A. Chapman, general manager of American Motors Co. Appliance Division (Kelvinator), though sales are big, production capacity is much bigger. Said the vice president, another appliance maker: "The U.S. enough appliance producers to make or three times the amount the market absorb." Complained a small appliance maker from Chicago: "The little guy two choices: drop out or sell to big fellow."

Philco's Executive Vice President Otter argues that dealers want to only one or two brand names and advertised, full lines. When a customer buys a Philco refrigerator, he will Philco in mind when shopping for a vision set. Under Chairman William derston, Philco has been moving into line diversification, since 1949 has bought the Electromaster Inc. range line, Dexter Co. home-laundry line, will still another new family of washers Bendix.

Sins of Bigness. This trend to bigness is criticized by some of the bigwigs of the strongest voices is that of J. Sayre, who as Bendix president in 1949 probably did more than any other to promote the automatic washer; he heads Borg-Warner's fast-growing 2 Division (1955 sales; about \$129 million the 1953 volume). Says Sayre: industry has been committing every

TIME CLOCK

the book. Some of the giants have a policy of 'buying off' key markets. They have been moving appliances through big dealers who operate on a small margin. Small dealers have been the victims of big dealers and small markups."

The giants heartily disclaim that they are smothering the small fry among manufacturers and dealers. Protests General Electric Co. Executive Vice President Roy Johnson: "We don't believe that only the full-line appliance manufacturers will survive this race. Some small company may come up with a new feature, like a waterless machine that would vibrate the dirt out of clothes, and sweep the field."

Actually, the small companies that have done best are those that have stuck to just one or two products and continued to come up with new features.

Among them is Iowa's Amana Refrigerator, Inc., which concentrates its advertising budget on home freezers, claims to be the biggest producer of them: Michigan's Ironite Co., which grosses \$6,000,000 a year by renting ironing machines, letting housewives apply payments toward later purchase of ironers; Philadelphia's Proctor Electric Co., which turned out an iron with steam holes over its entire sole rather than just the tip, now has sales galloping 300% ahead of last year.

Says Proctor's Advertising Director William Rambo: "If you have quality and the right price, you're bound to survive."

SHOW BUSINESS

Loew Blow

From Wilshire Boulevard to Wall Street, stockholders in the world's biggest movie-making company chose up sides in the most colossal management fight in Hollywood history. The prize: control of Loew's Inc., which encompasses Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, M-G-M Records, some 170 U.S. and foreign theaters, plus a \$33 million funded debt. To head off the battle, Joseph Vogel, Loew's president of three weeks, flew from his Manhattan office to Hollywood, hustled through the first leg of a month-long, no-martini inspection, promised to find out what was wrong.

In New York a spokesman for Wall Street's Lehman Bros. and Lazard Freres claimed that together they can control 3,000,000 of Loew's 5,142,615 shares and throw out the board at the next annual meeting on Feb. 28. If it takes over Loew's, the Lehman-Lazard group would probably keep Vogel in charge of Loew's Theaters division, which he headed until last month, and hire a president who would drastically cut M-G-M's staff, replace Movie Production Boss Dore Scharf, sell off some money-losing Loew's theaters, and possibly consolidate M-G-M's high-overhead moviemaking facilities with Warner Bros.

"Best Studio, Worst Production," Lehman and Lazard Freres own 150,000 shares of Loew's stock outright, reckon they can

PORK PRICES will be boosted by new Government buying program. Including current lard purchases, Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson will make \$100 million available immediately to buy pork for school-lunch programs and other nonprofit uses. As result, pork prices, which had slipped below \$15 per hundredweight for first time since March, surged ahead last week to \$15.50 per hundred-weight.

EBBETS FIELD, longtime home of Brooklyn Dodgers Baseball Club, will be turned into \$25 million housing development. For an estimated \$2,000,000, Dodgers have sold Ebbets Field to Manhattan Real-Estateman Marvin Kratter, associated with Financier Hanns Dittsheim who took over Chicago's Butler Bros. retail-store chain eight months ago (Time, March 5). Kratter will lease the field to team until 1961, when he starts work on housing project.

HOUSE PRICES will rise about 4% next year, says National Association of Home Builders. Survey of 600 builders shows median price of 1957 home of \$15,200 v. \$14,700 this year. Reasons: higher land, building costs, demand for bigger homes, difficulty in financing less expensive homes.

CHEMICAL EXPANSION will hit record \$853 million in second half of 1956, swell year's production to \$1.5 billion, or 48% more than 1955. Output capacity of polyethylene plastic alone will jump next year to 900 million lbs. annually from present 600 million lbs.

ENGINEERS' SALARIES are rising faster than other groups in U.S. industry because of engineer shortage. American Management Association polled 31,400 engineers, technical employees, found each averaged 8.6% raise within year v. 5% for middle management, 3.5% for sales personnel, 2.7% for top management.

FIRST NUCLEAR REACTOR for commercial export has been approved by Atomic Energy Commission. Built

count on the stock support of several hundred thousand shares held by their customers and friends, 144,000 shares held by Affiliated Fund Investment Trust, 262,000 held by Manhattan Brokers Thomson & McKinnon for an unidentified Canadian group, some 150,000 shares claimed to be represented by Manhattan Attorney Ben Javits (brother of New York's Attorney-General Jacob Javits), more than 200,000 shares held by customers and associates of Manhattan Broker Arthur Wiesenberger, about 90,000 more owned by French and Swiss interests.

The investment houses feel that Loew's "has the best assets of any company in the business—fine theaters all over the world, a record company, a fine music company. It has the finest studio in the U.S. and the finest in England, plus the greatest film library of all. Yet it is

by North American Aviation, 50-kw. reactor will go to Japan for use in research. AEC will follow with export licenses for reactors to West Germany, The Netherlands and Brazil.

20TH CENTURY-FOX, second biggest U.S. moviemaker, is moving solidly into television's camp. For \$30 million, Fox has given National Television Associates rights to distribute 390 of Fox's best-known pre-1948 films (*Laura*, *The Razor's Edge*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, etc.) over network of 112 U.S. TV stations. In addition, Fox gets 50% interest in Television's film network. Deal assures Fox nationwide distribution for its properties, e.g., *Mr. Belvedere*, which could be converted into TV films.

HILTON HOTELS CORP., which already controls three Manhattan hotels (Waldorf-Astoria, Plaza, Statler), will take over the Savoy-Plaza early next year. In stock swap, Hilton will give about \$15 million worth of its securities for 1,000-room hotel.

KROY OILS, a Canadian company reportedly controlled by Great Sweet Grass Oils, which has been temporarily banned from trading over-the-counter and on the American Stock Exchange, has also been suspended by SEC from trading. SEC will hold hearings this month to see whether trading of two stocks should be suspended to a year, or permanently.

HENRY J. KAISER is returning to Pacific Northwest scene of his big World War II shipbuilding operation. For about \$8,000,000, Kaiser Gypsum Co. has bought Fir-Tex Insulating Board, Inc., of Portland, Ore., plus 15,000 acres of timberland in Oregon, Washington.

ATOM POWER PLANT for first nuclear-powered merchant ship will be built by Babcock & Wilcox Co. To get AEC contract, the company beat out General Electric, Westinghouse and others. Reactor will be advanced model of thermal type used by atom submarine *Nautilus*.

doing worse in production than any other movie company."

Last year, M-G-M studio, geared to make 45 to 50 pictures a year, made only 25, lost money. The movie losses, say the dissidents, were made up by Loew's generally profitable theater operations, the re-release of several old films (*Gone With the Wind*, *The Wizard of Oz*), the leasing of M-G-M's film library to TV (returns to date: \$26 million). Loew's overall 1955 profits amounted to \$5,311,733, or just 16% of the total profits of Hollywood's Big Six moviemakers, v. Loew's 32% slice in 1950, when profits were \$7,854,454.

In all, the Lehman-Lazard interests charge that the M-G-M movies made during the tenure of M-G-M's Production Boss Dore Scharf, which dates from 1948, have lost an estimated \$25 million. (Scharf claims that he went in the red

SMALL BUSINESS

Needed: Talent, Training & Tax Cuts

WE have a wonderful sizzle," said a New York manufacturer at an American Management Association conference in Manhattan last week. "What we want is more steak." The demands of some 4,000,000 other small operators for a bigger share of the nation's business are being pushed by twelve congressional committees and Government agencies, dozens of politicians and economists, who argue that the welfare of small companies is a key condition for prosperity. To them, the newest figures on small business are cause for some alarm. Business failures in 1956 are at the highest level (\$52 per 10,000) since 1940. Profits of manufacturers worth less than \$1,000,000 have dropped \$1.3 billion since 1947, from 13.8% to 4.7% of U.S. manufacturers' total earnings.

On the bright side of the picture is the fact that new companies are being organized at a faster rate (11,000 a month) than at any time since 1948. While the statistics can be misleading, since small companies are constantly growing into medium-sized businesses, economists are worried over the fact that sales of corporations with assets of less than \$5,000,000 have slipped since 1951, while \$100 million-plus companies have boosted sales 45%.

Actually, the growth of giant industries has in some ways produced a more favorable climate for the small concern. Since the small operator can often turn out a better product, big companies find it is economical to subcontract as much work as possible. General Electric Co. pays out nearly half its sales volume (1955 gross: more than \$3 billion) to 42,000 subcontractors and suppliers, 90% of them small businesses. RCA closed a Camden (N.J.) transformer plant because small electronics manufacturers produced better components.

But too many small businessmen do not compete aggressively for subcontracts. They are reluctant to take sizable contracts from big companies, such as aircraft manufacturers, for fear that shifts by the big company might put them out of business. The Small Business Administration, in its three years of operation, has showed small businessmen how they can land a bigger share of defense business. Working closely with the Defense Department, SBA has boosted prime contracts with small companies from \$2.9 billion to \$3.4 billion a year since 1954. In short, small businessmen who complain that big business hogs defense contracts can get a bigger share if they go after it hard enough.

Small businessmen, who find it hard to raise stock market capital, also complain that they are being hit hardest by the credit pinch. Bankers dispute this, point out that business loans of under \$100,000 are running 14% ahead of last year. The Small Business Administration in the first six months of 1956 approved more than \$165 million in loans to small businessmen, twice the volume for first-half 1955.

The biggest and most justified complaint of small businessmen is that the present revenue law, which taxes all corporate income profits over \$25,000 at the same rate, keeps the small enterprise from growing and competing with big business. Small companies traditionally have financed expansion by plowing back earnings. After surrendering 52% of its profits over \$25,000 to the tax collector, the small businessman today has proportionately far less than the big company to invest in research, cost-cutting equipment and plant expansion.

Both political parties have pledged to ease the tax burden on small business at the next session of Congress. There is little doubt that tax relief for small businessmen is long overdue. But small businessmen are aware that even with tax relief they must make some drastic changes in the way they operate. To keep up with a complex and fast-changing economy, they know they must have more managerial training and executive talent. Says Herbert Barchoff, member of the Small Business Administration's national advisory council and president of Manhattan's \$4,000,000-a-year Eastern Rolling Mills: "The day has passed when a seat-of-the-pants entrepreneur, by gumption and ingenuity, could build a fair-sized business."

The American Management Association recently announced the first series of educational programs for small businessmen in its 33-year history. This year more than 70 colleges and universities throughout the U.S. are offering a total of 157 SBA-sponsored courses for small-business executives. With better executive training, more generous rewards for talented men, and continued emphasis on the individual pride of accomplishment that has traditionally attracted U.S. businessmen to independent companies, most small-business leaders today are confident that they can outperform, even outgrow the biggest companies in the U.S. As one vice president said at a small-business seminar in Manhattan last week: "My company's bigger now than G.M. was 40 years ago."

only two years.) The dissidents note that M-G-M's successful box-office movies, such as *The Blackboard Jungle* and *Trial*, have been outnumbered by the flops—*The Prodigal*, *Jupiter's Darling*, *The Swan*, *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, etc.

Family Affair. Some insurgent stockholders are also fueling their campaign with charges of excessive salaries and nepotism indulged in by M-G-M brass. Says New York Judge Louis Goldstein, who says he represents more than 200,000 shares: "In 1955, Nicholas Schenck, then Loew's president, received \$171,786 in salary and nontravel expenses; Charles Moscovitz, vice president and treasurer, received \$156,420; Schary, \$200,000."

Judge Louis Goldstein also asserts that Schenck and Moscovitz farmed out to



M-G-M PRODUCTION CHIEF SCHARY
Somebody up there doesn't like him.

companies partially owned by their relatives Loew's Theater candy concessions (1954 sales: \$3,589,423), plus all Loew's business for advertising and publicity (\$4,026,000 in 1954), carpets and furniture (\$325,000), posters (\$201,000).

The insurgents want to rid M-G-M of the influence of aging (74) Nick Schenck, now honorary chairman. They have two hurdles ahead. Not only must they actually line up enough proxies to oust Schenck and Schary, but they must find a competent man to replace Vogel. They have already offered the presidency to Leonard Goldenson, president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Abe Schneider, vice president of Columbia Pictures, and Lew Wasserman, president of Music Corp. of America. All three turned it down. Said the Lehman-Lazard spokesman: "At February's annual meeting, the two investment companies will be able to walk in and take control without a fight—provided they find the right man to direct the company. If they do not find the man, it is anybody's guess what will happen to Loew's."



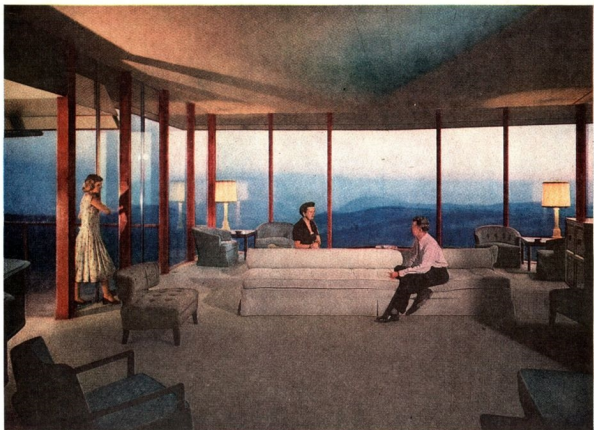
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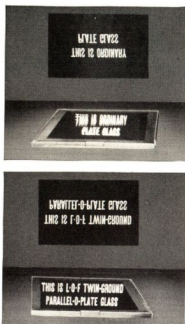
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For further information, call your Libbey-Owens-Ford Distributor or Dealer (listed under "Glass" in the yellow pages). Or write Dept. 27116, Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company, 608 Madison Avenue, Toledo 3, Ohio.*

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ William Clay Ford, 31, whose sputtering Continental division was placed under Lincoln's wing three months ago, got a new job. He took over direction of Ford's overall styling program, which was one of the main jobs of Executive Vice President L. D. Crusoe, 61 (TIME, Oct. 8), until he had a heart attack Oct. 27.

¶ Merle Silas Jones, 51, was appointed president of CBS-Television, succeeding Jack L. Van Volkenburg, 53, who will retire Dec. 31. Born in Omaha, Jones graduated from the University of Nebraska Law School in 1929, three years later gave up his law practice to join the sales



Robert Phillips-Jones—Black Star
CBS'S JONES

He traded the bar for a microphone.

staff of WAAW in Omaha. After serving as general manager of four radio stations, three of them CBS affiliates (longest hitch: St. Louis' KMOX, 1937-44), Jones became vice president of CBS' television network programs in 1951.

¶ Robert Edmonds Kintner, 47, was elected executive vice president in charge of color television at National Broadcasting Co. two weeks after his resignation as president of American Broadcasting Co. (TIME, Oct. 29). In order not to forfeit a chunk of his \$300,000 severance check from ABC, Kintner will not start his new job until Jan. 1. He will try to improve and expand NBC's color programs in hopes of boosting the lagging sales of color TV sets (TIME, Oct. 22).

UTILITIES

For Whom the Bell Tolls

Its patience at an end, Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. marched into a Topeka, Kans. courtroom last week and got a temporary injunction to stop an old trick that was costing it money. The trick is the uncompleted long-distance call, by which

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Our detailed Comparison Chart

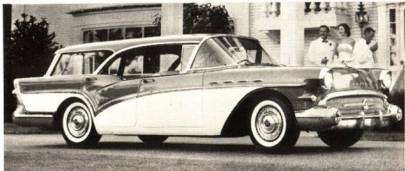
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1957 BUICK STATION WAGON
A challenge for the leader.

subscribers get their message across via a prearranged code and hang up without paying a dime. Like Illinois Bell Telephone Co., which estimated its losses at \$400,000 annually (TIME, April 16), Southwestern Bell was losing heavily.

One of the guilty parties, charged Southwestern Bell, was King Van Lines, Inc., a big Wichita trucking outfit operating from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. The evidence: a photostatic copy of a King inter-office memo which Bell's lawyers got from a disgruntled trucker that proved King was working a switch on the old "collect call" routine. Said the memo from King's vice president John Kelso: "I know the method, I think, where we can save 30.89% immediately on our phone calls. Coupled with one or two other ideas we should be able to cut our communications bill by 50%." The memo went on to outline a complicated "initial" code. Trucker John Doe, for example, would call the home office collect from Phoenix, Ariz., give his real last name and tack on fake initials, saying that "E. K. Doe is calling." The King dispatcher would thus know it was Doe, that he had reached Phoenix, and from the initials E. K., that his truck was empty. Then, naturally, the dispatcher would refuse to accept the call.

Since the memo went on to outline other coded initial messages (L for loaded, H for half loaded, R for three-quarters loaded, etc.), and since Bell records showed a large number of collect calls refused by King, the phone company thought it had a good case, will ask the court for a permanent injunction and \$6,000 damages. If it wins the case, the first such court test, Southwestern Bell hopes it will serve as an expensive example to other toll cheaters. Said the phone company grimly: "We will study cases of other suspected violators . . . we will take such action as is necessary to protect our interests."

AUTOS

The Show Stoppers

With Chevrolet already on the road, General Motors this week brought out its higher-priced cars for 1957—the new Pontiacs, Oldsmobiles, Buicks and Cadillacs. Every division had something new, but this time the show stoppers were the station wagons. For the first time in six years, Oldsmobile will make a station

wagon, will produce three Fiesta models in six- and eight-passenger styles. Pontiac has its sleek Safari models, prettied up even more than last year. And Buick will bring out a brand-new design, with low, racy lines like a hardtop convertible. Said Buick General Manager Edward T. Ragsdale: "Hardtop styling has proved to be the most popular body design in auto history. This year we are combining it with station-wagon spaciousness."

With the move to the suburbs, more leisure and bigger families, so many Americans are driving station wagons that production this year will hit 471,000 cars—11% of the total auto market. So far, Ford has captured over 40% of the market with 268,712 wagons in 1956. Now G.M. is getting set to make its big push. Oldsmobile is scheduling 10% of its production in station wagons; Pontiac hopes to sell 64,000, and Buick expects to add another 65,000—about 10% of its production—to the totals.

Other changes in G.M.'s 1957 line:

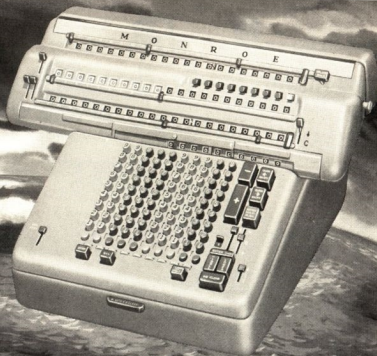
❑ Pontiac, which planned only a minor face-lift for 1957, rushed through a major styling change to keep pace with competitors. The familiar "silver streak" hood stripes have been dropped in favor of an uncluttered hood; both grille and tailfins are new; the body is 3½ in. lower and packs a larger engine with a 43-h.p. boost to 270 h.p. in the bigger V-8 engine.

❑ Oldsmobile has 17 body styles. The cars are more than 2 in. lower and 5 in. longer, have more graceful grilles, with double bumpers, 18% bigger windshields, and a new tail treatment. Horsepower: up another 37 h.p. to 277 h.p., with four-barrel carburetor and twin exhausts standard on most models.

❑ Buick has a racier look, a new body lowered between the side rails of the frame to reduce its overall height by 3 in. to 57.2 in. in some models. Buick's engines will go up another 45 h.p. to 300 h.p. on all models except the low-priced Special series, which gets a 25-h.p. boost to 255 h.p. One new gadget: a "safety minder" buzzer, which can be set to remind drivers when they hit the speed limit.

❑ Cadillac will look much like last year's \$8,500 Eldorado special model. Grilles are lower and wider-looking; the traditional Caddy taillight fin has been replaced by a thinner, all-metal fin jutting above a cluster of taillights set down near

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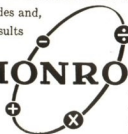
REYNOLDS METALS



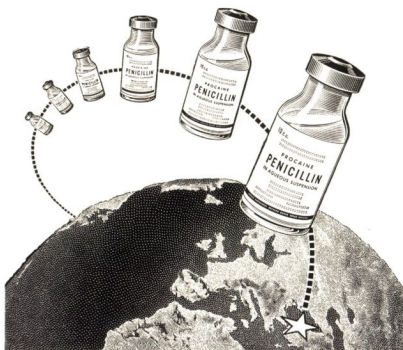
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the bumper; and the body has been dropped to reduce overall height another 3 in. to 59 in. on the 60 Special and 62 Sedan. Power: up 15 h.p. to 300 h.p. in the standard engine, up 40 h.p. to 325 h.p. in the special V-8 installed as optional equipment in 1957 Eldorado models.

Chrysler Corp., pinning its comeback hopes on a radically new 1957 line (TIME, Oct. 29), last week issued an earnings report that showed just how far it must go. In the third quarter of 1956, Chrysler lost \$12.3 million on sales of \$429 million, down \$152 million from the same period in 1955. All told for the first nine months, Chrysler saw its sales dip 24% to \$1.8 billion, and its earnings plummet 91% to \$6,272,352, or 72¢ a share v. \$8.11 last year, partly because of the \$300 million outlay for new models. Next year, said Chrysler's President L. L. Colbert, should be a lot better: "Our production schedules for 1957 are keyed to an indicated rising demand for automobiles in general and the favorable reception already given our 1957 models in particular."

MANAGEMENT

Executive Dump

High above the city, in the opulent aerie he modestly calls an office, the business executive of film and fiction does his skullwork amid trappings that would make Cleopatra's barge look like an excursion steamer. But in real life, the Executive Furniture Guild disclosed last week, the average executive suite is a dump.

In a survey of 1,000 executive offices in more than 40 U.S. and Canadian cities, the Guild found that the typical layout is "about as inviting as the inside of a boxcar, features drab beige throughout, vinyl tile floor, Venetian-blind tapes of a too-dark shade of brown. The massive oak furniture is awkward, outmoded and impractical. No draperies. Several unimportant pictures hang from the wall as if they had landed there by accident. Desk accessories coordinate with nothing. About the best that can be said is that it is clean and the furniture is in good repair."

Less than half the offices were carpeted. In 58%, "unattractive exposed elements" (meaning heating fixtures) are visible. In 72% of the offices, sniffs the report, cramped interiors do not even suggest the "acumen" or "importance" of the executive. Probable reason: in two-thirds of the offices, the décor (or lack of it) was perpetrated by secretaries, wives, friends and "other well-meaning nonprofessionals."

The cumulative effect of crooked pictures and uncorrelated desk accessories, reasons the survey, is to expose the executive to "countless minor irritations dripping constantly on the nerves." Since businessmen spend half their waking lives in offices, they soon "succumb, in the prime of life, to ulcers, nervous breakdowns and heart attacks." Well-designed furnishings, on the other hand, "pay off in the health, happiness and peak efficiency of the executive." They will also be around when his successor moves in.

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this unique thermostat acts to control heat up to two thousand degrees! Made of new wonder metals, it is the heart of a pneumatic temperature controls system which operates with precise reliability in the torrid zones where electrical devices fail. By helping to solve the heat problem, the most formidable obstacle in the present stage of man's conquest of time and space, it is another sure step forward... another Garrett contribution to industrial progress.

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doctors expose FAD DIETS

In the belief that "it's time someone started talking sense about dieting," *McCall's* presents some vital truths about the dangers of fad diets.

November *McCall's* features a challenging and timely article, *Why Fad Diets Fail*, revealing why doctors and nutritionists warn against dieting that endangers health.

And, in an accompanying article, November *McCall's* presents *A Diet You Can Live By*—the scientifically sound technique to control your weight permanently!

McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness
reaching more than 4,750,000 families

"Stupid & Irresponsible"

Is the gigantic broadcasting industry, with its wealth of communication facilities and its boasts of "public service," actually serving the people? Last week, with a firm case in point, the New York *Times* answered with a resounding no that rocked Manhattan executive suites. The networks' failure to carry the crucial session of the U.N. Security Council (at which the U.S. split with France and Britain) was roundly denounced by the *Times*'s TV Critic Jack Gould as "stupid, selfish and irresponsible—an absolute mockery of the industry's obligation to serve the public interest." Where were the Big Three chains on this historic occasion? Displaying Veteran Cashier Bert Parks and his moneybags, putting Wyatt Earp through his heroic paces and inviting the nation to *Name That Tune*. (Only one TV station in the U.S. carried the U.N.—Manhattan's local WPIX.)

Parlor Carnival. "When the chips were down, the networks lived in their narrow, narrow world" of crass commercialism, cried Critic Gould, who appealed to NBC Boss David Sarnoff, CBS Chairman Bill Paley and ABC President Leonard Goldenson to "search their consciences" and "have a long hard look at their operations."

To the *Times*, the broadcasters' usual explanations about high rescheduling costs was no excuse. "Every journalistic medium has high costs when an emergency occurs," said Gould. "It is part of the overhead that goes with the privilege of having access to the country's minds. . . . If TV is to be only a parlor carnival, let it say so and stop its pompous proclamations about being in the field of communications."

Two of the networks tossed off quick rebuttals: ABC's News Boss John Daly felt that the U.N. story "vitally needs editing" before it reaches the public. Though it made no effort to explain the absence of live U.N. pickups, NBC detailed the amount of TV coverage given the Middle East crisis on spot news slots—43 minutes, 15 seconds—which Gould poo-poohed: "When vital history was being made, NBC video was fascinated by *Queen for a Day* in Hollywood."

Gobs of Dough. CBS issued no public statement, but a network spokesman admitted: "We were all wrong." CBS News Chief Sig Michaelson disagreed: "News coverage is a matter of editorial judgment. The big story was elsewhere. Besides, public interest in a U.N. session is small."

Even so, by the time the General Assembly called the first emergency special session in its eleven-year history, it was clear that the *Times*'s caustic judgment had roweled both NBC and CBS into at least limited action (ABC pre-empted only one half-hour show the entire evening). The national chains carried spotty U.N. pickups all evening, but when Secretary Dulles appealed to the world for support, ABC was preoccupied with *The Lone Ranger*, NBC with Guy Lombardo and CBS

with *Sergeant Preston of the Yukon*. (But CBS did carry the late session until closing.) And for the most part, both of the nation's biggest networks, which each week toss around gobs of sponsor dough with reckless abandon, carried the U.N. during cheap, second-rate time slots when their affiliates across the country were not contract-bound to carry the programs.

Here Comes Hollywood

The CBS *Ford Star Jubilee* showing last week of M-G-M's 1939 musicclassic *The Wizard of Oz*—which hauled down a spectacular 29.4 Trendex rating—forced a couple of stark truths on TVmen. Hollywood, with about 200 of its best old movies headed straight for TV this year, will have a hard time competing with itself. Further,



JUDY GARLAND (AS DOROTHY) & FRIENDS*
Fresh, enchanting—and dangerous.

the whole system of network programming may soon have to be revamped.

The first uncut feature film ever seen on TV, *Oz* brought the fairy-tale wanderings of a wide-eyed, 16-year-old Judy Garland into U.S. homes for the first time. The E. Y. Harburg-Harold Arlen score (*Over the Rainbow, We're Off to See the Wizard*) sounded as fresh and enchanting as ever. To kick off the movie, Buffon Bert Lahr, who played the craven lion in the film, reminisced to Judy's ten-year-old daughter, Liza Minnelli, about the good old days at M-G-M. If the movie suffered in its new setting, it was mainly because less than 1% of the U.S.'s 37 million TV sets are equipped for color. Otherwise, *Oz* was clearly as good as anything around the best neighborhood theaters—and far better than most live TV spectacles.

But in speeding the success of good old movies on TV, CBS may be setting a dan-

* Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman, Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow.

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NEKOOSA-EDWARDS PAPER COMPANY
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gerous precedent. Toplight movies are now available to all of the 430 TV stations in the U.S.; within the past year all but two major studios (Paramount and Universal-International) have sold old films to TV. Last week 20th Century-Fox leased to National Telefilm Associates, which has tie-ins with some 110 stations throughout the U.S., a \$30 million backlog of 390 feature films. If *Oz* had been presented locally in only a handful of cities across the nation, it would have clobbered such a top-rated TV show as CBS's \$64,000 *Question*. For more than half the total TV audience (an estimated 110 million) in the U.S. and more than three-fourths of all TV profits are hitched to only eleven urban areas, each of which has at least one independent TV station.

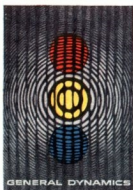
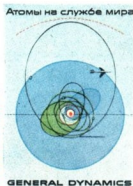
When Los Angeles' local station KTTV recently ran the 1944 movie *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, it captured twice the audience of the three major networks and more viewers than all six competing stations combined. Currently, Los Angeles alone is putting some 17 hours of movies on TV every day. When other independent stations begin to balk the major webs of their regular audience, the whole of TV will be due for a serious overhaul.

The Wild Blue Yonder

With the launching of a million-dollar, 26-part series called *Air Power* (Sun, 6 p.m.), CBS this weekend wraps up the most exhaustive research project in TV history—the story of flight. For more than two years, *Air Power* scouts combed through picture vaults of all the U.S. armed services. They trekked across 14 foreign countries to cull some 60,000 miles (edited down to 60,000 feet) of film, even shot much of it themselves. One Soviet plane sequence was taken from the Red border by a Western cameraman (armed with a 100-in. lens) after the U.S. Air Force refused to declassify its Russian film. Another was part of a heretofore unopened shipment sent from Japan to the U.S. at war's end. Associate Producer James Faichney pried the rusted cans open with pliers and a can opener, but had to put on a gas mask to protect himself from the nitrate fumes of disintegrating film. The result was some fine shots of the attack on Pearl Harbor, as the enemy saw it. Japanese pilots had simply set their radio compasses on Hawaii's commercial programs—one of which, ironically, was called *Dawn Patrol*.

Feat & Defeat. Using captured Nazi films never before released, *Air Power* also tells the story of the German *Luftwaffe*. The U.S. Air Force's great air-fleet battle over Schweinfurt, with 60 U.S. bombers lost out of 291 engaged, was recorded on film by the gunsight cameras of a Focke-Wolf 190 and found recently at the Italian retreat of a former *Luftwaffe* colonel who had shot down several U.S. B-17s in the fray.

"The rise of air power," explains Producer Perry (Adventure) Wolff, 35, "is fortunately coincidental with the rise of the motion picture. All major events in the history of the airplane were photo-



GENERAL DYNAMICS

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graphed—from the Wright brothers to the thermal barrier." To narrate his series, Wolff corralled a baker's dozen of top commentators, actors and aviators, including Walter Cronkite, Michael Redgrave, Eddie Rickenbacker. *Air Power* also pulls off a rare TV feat: its sponsor (Prudential Insurance Co. of America) has dropped the middle commercial. "Otherwise," says Wolff, "I'd have had something like, 'The Russians are coming—and now a word from Prudential.'"

Error & Problem. After months of whacking away futilely at the guarded precincts of the Pentagon, Wolff finally won full cooperation from the Air Force. "They wanted a flag-waving show at first. We wanted objective reporting." As a result, *Air Power* pulls no punches, bluntly records the error committed by the late Brigadier General Uzal G. Ent in overruling a navigating lieutenant on the run to Ploesti, which resulted in the U.S. bombers being directed instead to Bucharest—headquarters of the German Air Defense Command. The enemy was alerted, and the U.S. lost all element of surprise, as well as 30% of its force. The Schweinfurt story also details the serious morale problem of the U.S. Eighth Air Force, virtually paralyzed by weather, high losses and pilots demanding to be transferred to the infantry.

The series' take-off, *The Day North America Is Attacked*, authentically chronicles the defensive action that would be taken by the U.S. in the event of an air attack at home. It is slightly marred, however, by a raft of unexplained gadgets, some eight warnings to the viewer that "an attack is not taking place—this is a military exercise," and the studied listlessness of Air Defense Commanding General Earle Partridge. As the enemy's approaching bombers are about to blow Washington to kingdom come, Partridge says dryly to A. F. Chief of Staff General Nathan Twining: "As you know, Nate, the country has gone on an air defense readiness." Producer Wolff, an infantryman, says: "In documentary work, you mustn't let personality intrude."

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Nov. 8. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Playhouse 90 (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *The Big Slide*, with Red Skelton.

Perry Como Show (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). With Bob Hope, Yvonne de Carlo.

Johns Hopkins File 7 (Sun. 3:30 p.m., ABC). New medical research series, with Dr. Milton Eisenhower.

Ed Sullivan Show (Sun., 8 p.m., CBS). Bing Crosby, Phil Silvers, Julie Andrews, Louis Armstrong; a tribute to LIFE Magazine on its 20th anniversary.

Omnibus (Sun. 9 p.m., ABC). *Molière's School for Wives*, with Bert Lahr.

Producer's Showcase (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). *Jack and the Beanstalk*, with Celeste Holm, Cyril Richard, Dennis King.

Robert Montgomery Presents (Mon. 9:30 p.m., NBC). With James Dean.



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MUSIC

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At the dress rehearsal for the Metropolitan Opera's opening performance, Marlene Dietrich appeared with a present for the diva: a thermos full of hot beef broth. Marlene had decided that her new friend, Soprano Maria Meneghini Callas (TIME, Oct. 29), needed strength. She did indeed. Her native city was not going to bow down to Callas without a struggle.

On opening night, the applause for Callas' first entrance was cool, while crowds of stanses, giving every appearance of an organized clique, cheered other members

in the service of the moon goddess, has borne two children of the Roman consul. When he casts her off for another Druid priestess, Norma arouses the local underground against him. But in the end she repents, publicly confesses her sins and goes to the fire with her lover, who, for obscure reasons, is ready to die with the girl with whom he did not wish to live. Norma is usually called a singers' opera, a triumph of *bel canto*, and it does have magnificent vocal passages, notably two duets for the two leading female singers. But (as Bernard Shaw once said of the young Verdi) Bellini's orchestra sounds



Paul Seligman

SINGERS BARBIERI, CALLAS & DEL MONACO AT THE MET
From a fascinating demon, a thing of passion.

of the cast to the rafters. At the end of the first intermission, Soprano Zinka Milanov, one of Callas' rivals, dramatically sailed down the aisle to her seat and drew an ovation. But long before the final eleven curtain calls that held the audience well past midnight, long before Callas achieved a solo bow (though solo curtain calls are outlawed under General Manager Rudolf Bing), the critical crowd had capitulated. The customary clichés about musical battles did not apply; she did not "sing like an angel," and she did not "sing her way into the audience's heart." She sang if anything like a fascinating demon, and hers was a far more turbulent appeal than a mere sentimental coaxing of the heart. She pierced listeners with the most exciting operatic voice, the most compelling operatic presence, of her generation.

Giant Guitar. Bellini's *Norma*, which Callas had chosen for her New York debut, is a second-rate work. It is a rare operatic phenomenon in that the libretto is not much sillier than the score. The story takes place during the Roman occupation of Gaul. Norma is a Druid high priestess, who, though pledged to virginity

like a giant guitar; it plinkety-plinks through embarrassing military airs, mindless rages and cloying romances.

In the energetic Met production, robust Tenor Mario del Monaco as Norma's lover sang loud enough to be heard from Gaul to Rome, and Mezzo-Soprano Fedora Barbieri, as Norma's rival, was adequate though often wobbly. Since she looks much the way Callas did before her celebrated slimming down, it was hard to see why the Roman governor would prefer her to Norma. But none of this mattered much with Callas on stage. As an actress, unlike most of her competitors, Callas radiates credibility even in the silliest situations. Her performance is not a mere recital with costumes and a few gestures, but a thing of passion and of peculiarly stylized and yet convincing movement that is distinctly her own.

Dazzling Endurance. Her voice has flaws, as the critics eagerly pointed out. Notably, on opening night, she became shrill in the upper register. But in the low and middle registers she sang with flute-like purity, tender and yet sharply disciplined, and in the upper reaches—shrill or not

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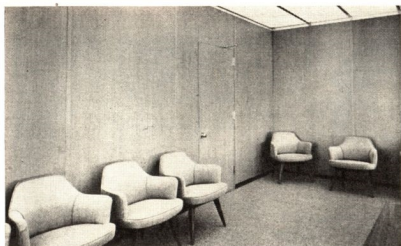
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—she flashed a swordlike power that is already legend. In one of the repertory's most strenuous roles—Prima Donna Lilli Lehmann called Norma tougher than all three Brünnhildes—the Callas voice rose from her slender frame with dazzling endurance. No doubt, other great operatic sopranos can coax out of their ample, placid figures tones that esthetes call more beautiful. But just as the greatest beauties among women do not usually have flawlessly symmetrical features, the greatest voices are not characterized by a flawless marble perfection. Callas' voice and stage presence add up to more than beauty—namely the kind of passionate dedication, the kind of excitement that invariably mark a champ.



CONDUCTOR MUNCH & PIANIST HASKIL
One of those magical revelations.

Grande Ambiance

The audience sat rapt and bewitched. Not a feathered toque or a velvet pillbox moved in Boston's Symphony Hall. There was something vastly appealing about the frail, hunched woman as she bent over the keyboard; her playing of Beethoven's *Concerto No. 3* was filled with a rare kind of fire, poetry and sadness. Bucharest-born Pianist Clara Haskil, 61, was making her first U.S. appearance in 30 years, with Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. When she finished, the hall reverberated to stamping feet and shouts of "Bravo!" She was called back an unprecedented five times.

Offstage, Pianist Haskil is a plain woman who wears no makeup to conceal the traces of suffering that line her face, but her features are livened by wisdom and humor. She was a prodigy, made her debut in Vienna at the age of nine, and won a Grand Prix at the Paris Conservatory at 14. After World War I, illness forced her into temporary retirement; later she took up playing sonatas with such greats as Ysaye, Enesco, Casals. She has appeared

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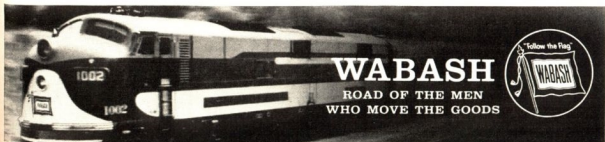
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teen-agers' case against parents

What is the greatest threat to harmony in family relationships today? November, *McCall's* reveals one answer in *Teen-Agers' Case Against Parents*—a startling indictment of parents, based on a series of candid interviews with teen-agers.

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at the Casals festivals in France, and it was one of her younger colleagues there, Pianist Nancy Istomin, who helped persuade her to venture a return to the U.S.

Boston critics were as ecstatic as the audience. The *Herald's* Rudolph Elie called it "one of those magical revelations that occurs in music once in a generation... the most beautiful performance of Beethoven's *Third Concerto* I ever heard or expect to hear again."

In Philadelphia, the same day, a lanky, 22-year-old pianist named Philippe Entremont had his own triumph. When he auditioned for the Philadelphia Orchestra two years ago, Conductor Eugene Ormandy called him "one of the great younger pianists of our day," hired him on the spot. Last week Entremont made his Philadelphia debut—with a spiky-rhythmed modern concerto by France's André Jolivet, and Rachmaninoff's caramel-flavored

Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini—and fully lived up to his sponsor's judgment.

Pianist Entremont seemed to have a talent as impressive as the late William Kapell's—speed, big tone, a sense of soul, flair. Even if he had flubbed a tricky rhythm, nobody would have known it, for Entremont played with a momentum that swept all before him. Few in the audience liked the Jolivet concerto much at first, but when the final notes faded there was a roar of approval. The orchestra refused to share the pianist's reward, simply sat tight and applauded too.

Entremont got his first piano lesson at eight, from his mother, herself a Grand Prix pianist. At twelve, he was winning his own prizes. Now starting a 50-concert American tour, accompanied by his pretty, redheaded wife, he thinks he might like to live in the U.S. "I like the people," he says. "For the performer, the audience creates a *grande ambiance*."

MILESTONES

Born. To Adlai Ewing Stevenson III, 26, Harvard graduate student, and pretty, blonde Nancy Anderson Stevenson, 23; a boy, their first child (and first grandchild of Adlai Ewing Stevenson II); in Boston. Weight: 9 lbs. 7 oz.

Married. Jessie Royce Landis, 51, veteran actress of Broadway (*Kiss and Tell*) and Hollywood (*To Catch a Thief*, *The Swan*); and Major General John Francis Regis Seitz, 48, commander (since May) of the U.S.'s Military Assistance Advisory Group in Iran; both for the second time; in Teheran.

Died. Alfred Powell Wadsworth, 65, onetime labor reporter, later editor (1944 until last month—*TIME*, Nov. 5) of Britain's liberal, influential *Manchester Guardian*; after long illness; in Manchester, England.

Died. The Rev. Edmund Aloysius Walsh, S.J., 71, geopolitician, longtime foe of Communism and leading authority on Russia, who founded (1919) and directed (1919-55) Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service; of a brain hemorrhage; in Washington, D.C. Jesuit Walsh directed (1922-23) a Papal Relief Mission in Russia, denounced Communism bitterly on his return to the U.S., warned against disarmament, advocated universal military training after World War II, said (1950) that the U.S. would be "morally justified" in starting a preventive A-bomb war if it had "moral certitude" that a sneak attack were imminent, called the Russian Revolution "the most important single political upheaval since the fall of the Roman Empire."

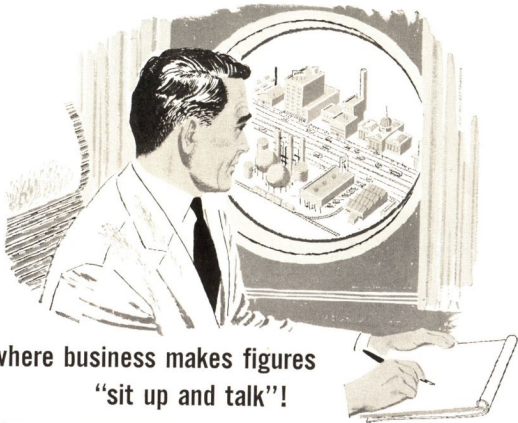
Died. Dr. Vladimir Petrovich Filatov, 81, leading Soviet eye surgeon and medical researcher, who developed (by 1936) one of the earliest successful techniques for corneal transplants; in Odessa.

Died. Walter Evans Edge, 82, off-and-on (1917-19, 1944-47) Republican governor of New Jersey, who served between terms as U.S. Senator (1919-29) and Ambassador to France (1929-33), gained respect as an early G.O.P. internationalist; in Manhattan.

Died. Pio Baroja y Nessi, 83, famed old dragon of Spanish literature (*The Struggle for Life, Youth and Ecology*), whose bitter, free-thinking attacks on church and state kept him in hot water, and whose hard-scrabble realism in more than 100 novels made him a candidate (1946) for the Nobel Prize; in Madrid. A lifelong bachelor (he thought Spanish women were churchbound, thus intellectually inferior), Don Pio practiced medicine less than two years, ran a bakery with his brother, job-hunted across Europe, finally took up writing ("a means of living without a livelihood"). His harsh, simply written novels broke with the florid Spanish tradition, last month (*TIME*, Oct. 29) earned him homage and a present (socks, Scotch and a sweater) from Disciple Ernest Hemingway.

Died. Marshal Pietro Badoglio, 85, bullet-bald soldier who conquered Ethiopia for Mussolini (1935-36); in Grazzano Badoglio, Italy. Badoglio won fame and quick promotions as a field officer in World War I, was named army chief of staff in 1919. He cared little for Fascism but cooperated with Dictator Mussolini after he took over in 1922, became head of the joint chiefs of staff in 1925, resigned the post in disgrace (1940) after Italy's abortive Albanian campaign, later was called out of retirement to replace Mussolini (July 25, 1943) as head of the shaky Italian government, signed the armistice in September, nine months later dropped out of sight when his government collapsed and was re-formed by a National Liberation Committee.

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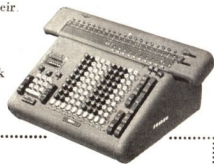


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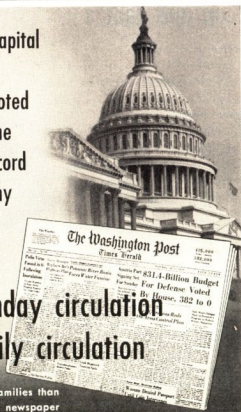
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The New Pictures

The Solid Gold Cadillac (Columbia), on the perilous trip from Broadway to Hollywood, made a major change of drivers, but moviegoers will be pleased to discover that it did not run out of gas. Judy Holliday is sitting at the wheel instead of Josephine Hull, and though she can scarcely hope to achieve in the part what one critic called "the ineffable waddle of Mrs. Hull's Schrafterpiece." Actress Holliday demonstrates again that, pound for pound, she is one of the best comedienne in the business. Add to that the fact that she is paired—for the first time since 1946, when both of them made the big time in Broadway's *Born Yesterday*—with Paul Douglas, who sometimes even steals a march on Judy herself with his uncanny ability to lose the laugh but win the scene.

In the screenplay by Abe Burrows, breezily adapted from the original farce by Howard Teichmann and George S. Kaufman, Actor Douglas plays a lion of industry. Actress Holliday the thorn in his paw—an unemployed actress who has ten shares of stock in his corporation and nothing better to do than come to stockholders' meetings and ask awkward questions ("What does a chairman of the board do?"). Pretty soon she begins to make downright distressing suggestions ("I move that the salaries are too big"). Before long, the self-appointed stockholders' watchdog has nipped so many corporate ankles that the alarmed directors decide they had better throw her a bone. They offer her a job as "Director of Stockholder Relations."

Judy is delighted. "What do I do?" she asks. Says the president: "Oh—er—uh." Judy takes that to mean she can do just about anything that comes into her busy little mind, all the way from writing cozy letters to stockholders in Texas ("That's a big state. People there must be very lonely") to blackmailing the board of directors. Conclusion: Judy wins control of the whole shebang in a proxy fight, marries the chairman of the board and has herself elected executive vice president, secretary and treasurer. Moral: businessmen who want to stay in business had better learn the difference between stocks and blondes.

The Ten Commandments (Paramount), the 70th motion picture produced by 75-year-old Cecil B. DeMille, is the biggest, the most expensive, and in some respects perhaps the most vulgar movie ever made. In it DeMille has told the story of the Book of *Exodus* at a length of three hours and 39 minutes, and at a cost of \$13.5 million. To break even, Producer DeMille may have to gross as much as \$25 million. But shrewd old "Mr. Movies," the man who in 40 years has lured more than 3½ billion customers past the wicket, is calmly confident that he will do a great deal better than that; that he will, in fact,



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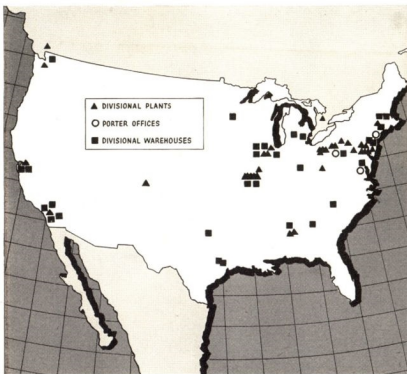
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do something in the neighborhood of \$100 million.

DeMille doubtless has good reason to be confident. In five previous attempts, from the 1923 version of *The Ten Commandments* down to *Samson and Delilah* in 1949, he has made a lot of hay in the religious field. But DeMille has not been content to trust merely in God. He has crowded the giant VistaVision screen with such stars as Charlton Heston, Yul Brynner, Anne Baxter, Edward G. Robinson, Yvonne de Carlo, Debra Paget, John Derek, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Judith Anderson, Vincent Price. Moreover, DeMille spent ten years in planning the picture, three years and \$300,000 in research. After that, he spent almost three months

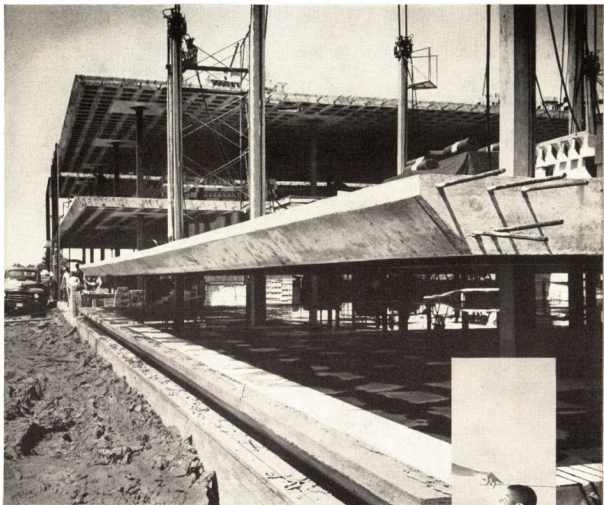


CHARLTON HESTON AS MOSES
Almost a *Exodus*.

in Egypt and the Holy Land, shooting his key scenes "in the very places where"—so the picture's publicity puts it—the episodes of *Exodus* transpired. In the flats back of Cairo, DeMille built the biggest movie set in history, a 60-acre mockup of the traditional "treasure city" of Per-Rameses that probably constituted the biggest piece of construction work undertaken in Egypt since the Suez Canal. For one scene alone, the beginnings of the *Exodus*, he used more than 20,000 extras—at least twice as many people, according to the generally accepted estimate, as were involved in the actual historical event.

Back in Hollywood, the producer discovered that the Paramount lot (35 acres) was not big enough to contain his other big scene: the crossing of the Red Sea. He therefore demolished the intervening buildings, joined Paramount and RKO territory, built a 200,000 cubic-foot swimming pool, installed hydraulic equipment that could deluge the area with 360,000 gallons of water in two minutes flat. This scene alone cost more than a million dollars and took 18 months to shoot.

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TIME, NOVEMBER 12, 1956



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winter style**



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McCall's

The magazine of Togetherness
reaching more than 4,750,000 families

efforts? Something roughly comparable to an eight-foot chorus girl—pretty well put together, but much too big and much too flashy. And sometimes DeMille is worse than merely flashy. It is difficult to find another instance in which so large a golden calf has been set up without objection from religious leaders. With insupportable piety, Cinemogul DeMille claims that he has tried "to translate the Bible back to its original form," the form in which it was lived. Yet what he has really done is to throw sex and sand into the moviegoer's eyes for almost twice as long as anybody else has ever dared to. He throws it very cleverly indeed. The dancing girls are numerous, nubile and explicitly photographed. Vul Brynner, as the Pharaoh, swaggering barelegged across the screen will delight his millions of feminine admirers. Even Moses, a part in which Charlton Heston is ludicrously miscast, looks less like a man who staggers into the desert to find God than one who flies to Palm Springs to freshen up his tan. According to the script, that was the kind of fellow Moses really was, at least as a young man. There are moments, in fact, when it seems that the Seventh Commandment is the only one DeMille is really interested in; to the point where the Exodus itself seems almost a sort of Sexodus—the result of Moses' unhappy (and purely fictional) love life.

Is this blasphemy? Technically not, but it is sometimes hard to determine where the fine line between bad taste and sacrilege is to be drawn. When God speaks to Moses from the burning bush, or booms a big, creamy bass voice that sounds like nothing so much as a Tannoy announcer making a pitch for a local funeral home. At such moments it is impossible to avoid the impression that the moviemaker, no doubt without intending to, has taken the name of the Lord in vain.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Woe Geordie. The stiffest comic puns the British have delivered since *High and Dry*—an intoxicating mixture of Scots and wry; with Bill Travers, Alastair Sims (TIME, Oct. 29).

Giant. In a big (3 hr., 18 min.), tough picture based on Edna Ferber's best-seller about Texas. Director George Stevens dips the rowels of social satire into the soft underbelly of U.S. materialism; with Rod Hudson, Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean (TIME, Oct. 22).

Lost for Life. Perhaps the finest film biography of an artist (Vincent van Gogh) ever made in Hollywood; almost a hundred of Van Gogh's paintings are shown in full, culminating color on the screen with Kirk Douglas (TIME, Sept. 24).

War and Peace. An uneven but brilliantly pictorial treatment of Tolstoy's great novel, with some outstandingly good battle pieces; with Henry Fonda, Audrey Hepburn, Mel Ferrer (TIME, Sept. 10).

Bus Stop. Don Murray ropes, brains and corals expert Comedienne Marilyn Monroe in a rowdy version of William Inge's Broadway hit (TIME, Sept. 3).

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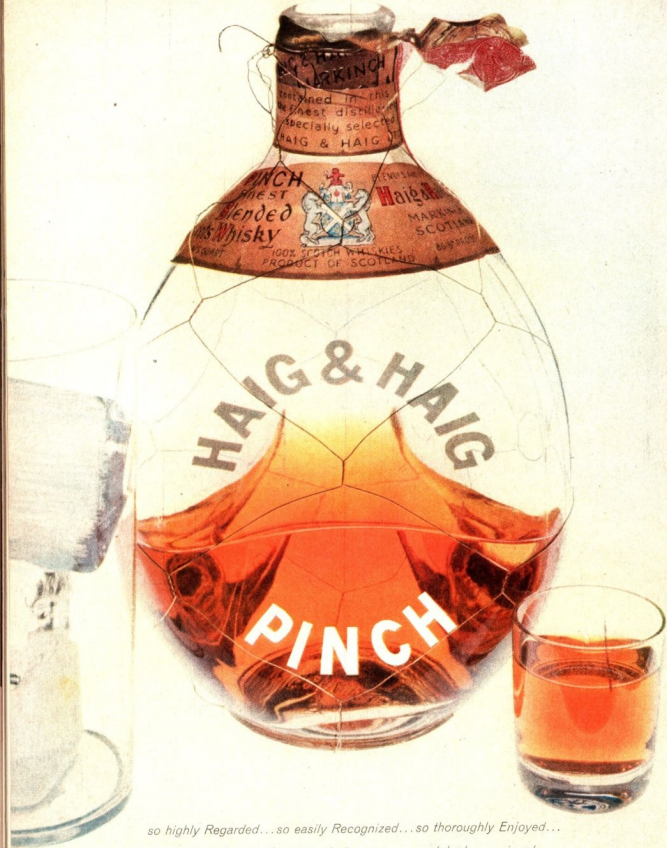
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In Praise of Humanity

DOUBTING THOMAS (210 pp.)—Winston Brebner—Rinehart (\$3).

The villain of *Doubting Thomas* is called simply The Agency, a coldly indifferent organization with life-and-death powers over the people. Directed by the Supervisor, its countless computers are crammed with data that can be fused into terrible, final judgments by the flick of a switch. And The Agency is never wrong. Thomas of the title is a district agent of The Agency, hated by the people of his district, and returning each night to a termagant wife and a supercilious daughter. But for two days every year Thomas is transformed into that classic figure of irreverence, a clown.

Doubting Thomas is one of those tightly plotted but tenuously conceived books that can go fatally wrong anywhere after the first page. This one stays right all the way, and ends as one of the most satisfying novels of the year. For Thomas is both a symbol of common humanity and an intensely human individual. Ten years before, Agent Thomas first dressed as a clown for the masquerade that was part of the Holiday. For the first time in years he had fun and added to the fun of others. Thus he discovered the real Thomas, the human being obscured by the forbidding facade of the soulless Agency.

Not even his wife knows of his annual release from the horrors of his job and the drabness of his life. For those two days every year he becomes simply Clown, a living legend, cherished by the very people who hate Agent Thomas. "His costume was human frailty, human helplessness . . . His comedy was misfortune, and his endearing grace the patience and dignity



James Hogg

AUTHOR BREBNER

The Agency could be wrong.



Art Shoy

TEACHER HANDY (CENTER) WITH PUPILS TESCH & JONES
No liquor, no women and lights out at 8:30.

with which he survived an existence of interlinked catastrophes." As Clown, Thomas learns the thrill of being loved. In return, "he gave his life away, as much as he could."

Then by accident his identity is discovered. He is persecuted by the people, who believe that Agent Thomas must be an imposter pretending to be Clown. He is persecuted by The Agency for being Clown. In scenes that strongly recall the Crucifixion and the Resurrection, Thomas is first brought to despair and then raised to ecstasy. Through a neat twist of his plot, Novelist Brebner turns the tables on The Agency and restores Thomas to his rightful place. The happy ending—inconceivable in Orwell's *1984* or Kafka's *The Castle*—is in happy accord with the love of man which shines through Brebner's artfully simple writing. To a world in which too many already know the brutal impersonality of authoritarianism, Brebner offers his irreverent clown as the symbol of both man's frailty and dignity.

Housemother Knows Best

Writers are passing strange, and those who herd together in writers' colonies are apt to be stranger still. Perhaps the strangest writers' colony on the North American continent is located in rolling corn-hog country on the outskirts of Marshall, Ill. (pop. 2,960) and looks rather like a struggling boys' camp, with two rows of barracks, a central cookhouse-cum-library and a pond swimming pool. Its founder and reigning queen is a bright-eyed, single-minded housemother of the literary arts named Lowney Handy.

Childless Mrs. Handy, who is 52 and a confessed "thwarted writer," dotes on young writers and boards as many of them as she can corral. They call her Lowney. Her star pupil, and still the star boarder at the Handy colony, is James (From Here to Eternity) Jones. To him

Lowney is an inspiring evangelist of talent who "taught me everything I know." To less favored literary aspirants whom the trigger-tempered Lowney has not hesitated to cast into the outer dark, she is an unpalatable blend of army pot kick and prison warden, running a literary brain-washing machine.

Cold Wet Sprays. Lowney's only sorrow was that in the five years since the colony was founded, it had produced no published book to follow Jones's *Eternity*. Last week Lowney could boast of a second, with the publication of *Never the Same Again* by Gerald Tesch.

Its unsavory subject is a homosexual affair between a 13-year-old boy and his 30-year-old seducer, a gas-station attendant. Tesch borrows from Jones the neo-Dreiserian conviction that life itself is a four-letter word. Among Tesch's victims and vermin: a girl who commits incest and goes mad, a wife-beating lush, an aging sadistic homosexual. The most defenseless victim is the English language, e.g., "A pang of lonesomeness settled over him like a cold wet spray." Some might argue that Tesch was a born bad writer. But Gerald, an off-and-on Handy colonist since 1952, has apparently been trained to write this way.

Literary Rock Pile. Upon joining the colony each neophyte gets a copy of *From Here to Eternity* and a good look at Jones's sumptuous house on the western edge of town at the end of Beech Street. The house is complete with hi-fi set, high-powered hunting rifles, 3,500 books, push-button kitchen and Hollywood-style bathroom (with a French-style bidet).

After this glimpse of the rewards awaiting a faithful disciple of the Handy method, the would-be writer is assigned a cell furnished with an army bed, lamp, table and typewriter in one of the barracks. He is expected to cut himself off from all social contact with the outside



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world: Lowney is adamant on "dedication." Reveille sounds for 5:30 a.m. breakfast, and then the writers are sent to their cells and typewriters. Afternoons are devoted to physical culture, exercises, or work on the "rock pile"—carting bricks or laying walks. Visitors are barred, and Lowney once heaved bricks at a trio of them. Liquor and women are also banned ("I'd kill one of my younger boys who got married") except for an occasional spree in Terre Haute, 16 miles over to the east. Lights are out at 8:30 p.m.

Dreiser v. Proust. The new trainee is not allowed to write. He copies books of Lowney's choice—Joyce, Hemingway, Faulkner, Dos Passos and Raymond Chandler. Says she: "They copy the story from comma to comma, from cover to cover. It helps their typing and helps them forget themselves." No writer dares copy anything else. One disgruntled ex-trainee remembers being caught with a copy of Proust, which "Lowney snatched from me, ripped up and threw away. I didn't tell you to read that," she shouted. "Your God-damned style's too intellectual and sissylike as it is. Didn't I tell you to copy Dreiser? You're damned right I did. And why? Did you think about that? Did you? To get you out of that damned Proust style." Lowney, who only got past high school, takes a dim view of Proust, whom she calls "Prowst." Nor does she think much of "Kafka" (Kafka). "Walter Stevens" (Wallace Stevens) or "Die-lane Thompson" (Dylan Thomas).

If a writer copes to suit her, Lowney moves him along to "skits." What about? "A bird, a dog, a tree." Out of these literary acorns, feels Lowney, giant novels may grow. "I mark them and I write ideas all along the margins where they could develop, where they could get a stream of consciousness." Her marginalia are often crisp ("This becomes idiotic") and sometimes to the point ("You say his uniform was clean. This is the first time I've seen anyone in this story with any clothes on"). Says Tesch: "Lowney really helped me. She went through that book line by line, yet it's still my book, it's me, not her. She's amazing."

Cheer & Heartbreak. Lowney has fed, clothed and sheltered as many as 17 writers at one time, currently has only four in residence. But she is often disappointed. The maverick personalities she attracts—social rebels, ex-jailbirds, protesting college boys—sometimes desert the colony at the crucial moment. Says Lowney: "I've had four books just about finished here that walked out. Good books. It's heartbreaking." But she is consoled by the fact that two novels are now in progress at the colony and six completed ones are currently in the hands of publishers.

To support the colony, almost silent partner and husband Harry Handy contributes \$400 a month from his pay as a refinery manager for the Ohio Oil Co. But the real mainstay is Novelist Jones, who has expressed his whopping gratitude to Lowney by sinking \$60,000 of his royalties in the colony and naming it a beneficiary in his will. Jones is on the last lap



Observe the resourceful little prickly pear cactus. Tempting, green and juicy, it blossoms unmolested and thrives uneaten on the hungry, arid desert, because it has the good sense to be prickly first and succulent second. Some say you must eat or be eaten in this world. There is a third way to live. Keep some stickers showing and you, too, can take time to grow flowers. REPUBLIC makes a very efficient brand of stickers . . . they're called THUNDER-CRAFT.



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Murder & the Supermen

On a late spring evening in 1924, a bird watcher named Judd Steiner dropped his glasses near a culvert which crossed the reedy marshlands outside Chicago. Judd, however, had not been watching birds. He had been busily stuffing the mutilated, acid-scarred body of a twelve-year-old boy into a drainpipe. He had a friend to help in this work—Artie Straus.

These names are deliberately transparent pseudonyms for Nathan Leopold Jr. and Richard Loeb, in this fictionalized account by Novelist Meyer Levin of what he calls the "crime of our century." The real victim of Leopold and Loeb was 14-year-old Bobby Franks, and the dropped glasses gave them away. Only a brilliant defense by famed Lawyer Clarence Darrow saved them from hanging.

Brats or Geniuses? Many have asked their whys of the Leopold-Loeb crime, and given answers ranging from "spoiled brats" to diabolic possession. Levin, who was an undergraduate contemporary of Leopold and Loeb at the University of Chicago in 1924, has offered a new version after 32 years' thought and a two-hour conversation with Leopold.

There was no excuse for the crime. Leopold and Loeb were the sons of millionaires. They lacked nothing. They were brilliant students in law, science and languages; Leopold had a rating as "genius" in intelligence tests. Life offered them everything—and what it gave them was a 99-year-plus-life sentence in Illinois prisons. Loeb died in prison, the victim of a fellow convict's straight razor in a

shower-bath row framed in homosexual-ism. Leopold lives on, a sad, heavy-souled man of 51, deeply read in many languages, and fascinated by medical research which he works at along with his job as technician in the Stateville prison hospital. Leopold declares, with medical pedantry, that no cell in his body is the same as that of the boy who once killed another.

Pointless Crime. Leopold and Loeb had a homosexual tie, and 30 years ago the words "sex" or "perversion" or "degeneracy" would have seemed adequate to explain why two rich, intellectual boys should make a game of murder. Levin is not content with this explanation. He points out that Friedrich Nietzsche had introduced them to the idea of the superman, "beyond good and evil." A really superior man, they reasoned—in one of those gloomy blunders which snarl up the scribbled notebook of adolescence—could put himself above and beyond society: by the success above and beyond society; by the successful commission of a pointless crime. They burned sheds, robbed fraternal houses, cheated at cards; and their IQs were among the highest in all the Midwest. Murder would really prove their superiority. So they made a compact to murder a boy.

Thus, in his 495 documented pages, Levin attempts to relate the criminal folly of Leopold-Loeb to the greatest "crime of our century"—fascism and all the ideologies by which man justifies his crimes. Levin's sermon: if it is true that men are all parts of one another, then some part of every man is pretty terrible.

In a preface, Levin announces that he has followed the proud tradition of Dostoevski (*Crime and Punishment*), Stendhal (*The Red and the Black*) and Dreiser (*An American Tragedy*) in using an actual crime as the basis for a novel. Actually, the tradition he has followed is closer to Kinsey and Hearst. Nevertheless, Levin's reconstruction of the Leopold-Loeb murder has all the hypnotic fascination of a name tag on a slab in the city morgue.

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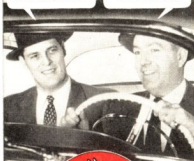


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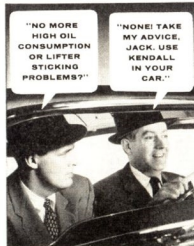


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... AND THE RAIN MY DRINK (306 pp.)—Han Suyin—Little, Brown (\$4).

Han Suyin is an attractive Eurasian (Chinese and French) physician with a born flair for melodramatizing her life. In *Destination Chungking* (1942), it was her barely disguised experiences as a young girl whose pleasant existence in Peking was rudely shattered by war. Her husband, Chinese General Tang Pao Huang, was killed, but Elizabeth (her real name) made it to Hong Kong. There she had a passionate and publicly observed affair with British War Correspondent Mark Elliott, and having kissed, she proceeded to tell in *A Many-Splendored Thing* (TIME, Dec. 8, 1952). When Elliott was killed in Korea, Han Suyin declared that love could never come again. But only months later she had married a British policeman whose job was fighting Communists in Malaya. Now comes . . . *And the Rain My Drink*, not unnaturally a near novel about Malaya, in which the nicest white character is a British cop whose job it is to run down Communists.

The People Inside. The book's narrator is "Suyin," who works in the big general hospital at Johore Bahru (as Author Han Suyin once did). Across the strait lies Singapore, close behind lies the jungle. And in the jungle are the Communists. As in *A Many-Splendored Thing*, the author finds many excuses for the Communists. This time, it is the stupidity and repression of the British, the refusal to give the Malayan Chinese a bigger stake in Malayan life, the need for young Chinese to find an outlet for their idealism. The implied answer for the frustrated young is to go to the jungle, to the "People Inside" (the Communists), and fight for justice. Or to go to Communist China "to give their strength and enthusiasm" to "the newest America, the earth's old country, the ancestor's land." Author Han Suyin is not so crude as to line up on the Communist side herself, but most of the native characters who are decent and serious are sympathetic to the People Inside; the despicable ones are anti-Communist, usually for despicable reasons. The whites are divided just as clearly: the thickheaded colonials who don't know the score; the sensitive cops like Luke Davis, who has the uneasy feeling that he is on the wrong side.

Red-Carpet Welcome. Despite this tendency to load her political dice, Han Suyin can convey the heat, the squallor, and flux of Asiatic life with expert touches.

Her British husband, she says, is not the nice policeman of her story, but it may or may not be of interest that he is no longer a policeman. Instead of running down Communists, he is writing a book on Chinese secret societies. Han Suyin herself is just back from an extended visit to Peking, whose comrade-intellectuals gave her a red-carpet welcome to show that they liked her and her work, even if she did not (really) like them.

MISCELLANY

Ars Gratia Artis. In Louth, England, Office Worker Gordon Goddard was fined \$14 and costs for counterfeiting, in spite of his barrister's explanation that he forged £5 notes because they "presented a challenge to him as an artist."

Bar Correspondent. In Toronto, Thomas Allen owed fellow toastsots with accounts of his war exploits, wound up charged with impersonating a Canadian army lieutenant when an unimpressed veteran called police after Allen soaked up several rounds of his admirers' hooch, made the stories too good.

Mad Money. In West Babylon, N.Y., after thieves broke into a house and stole between \$5,000 and \$12,000 cached in a feed sack, police found roughly \$17,000 more lying around, got an explanation from ex-Cab Driver John Van Huda: "You know how it is, you need money around the house for emergencies."

Press Release. In Tijuana, Mexico, after a guard ushered him to a cell following his arrest for interfering with judicial procedure and left the cell door open on the assumption that he was there to interview a prisoner, Editor Salvador Gonzales of the daily *Reportaje* walked out of jail, rushed to a federal court, got a writ prohibiting his imprisonment.

Home Run. In Antwerp, Belgium, surprised while looting a house, Burglar Raymond Raets fled, scrambled over a nine-foot wall, found himself inside the Antwerp prison.

Guest Stir. In Dallas, Jailbird Bobby Calhoun showed up masked on *Confession*, a local TV show, complained that he could not go straight because "police pick me up every time they see me," was arrested five days later when cops searched the trunk of his car, found part of a stolen safe.

Markup. In Seattle, Truck Driver James E. Lumpe was sentenced to 20 days for disorderly conduct after he swiped a \$1 campaign button at Stevenson headquarters, tried to peddle it for \$2 at Eisenhower headquarters.

Kiss Me, Dead. In Boston, after she visited her husband at the Deer Island jail, embraced him affectionately, Mrs. Joan Witherspoon was arrested, charged with passing him heroin capsules.

My Heart Knows . . . In Wahoo, Neb., when his wife spotted a wild blue goose flying by their house, Bill Behrens honked hopefully at it, found the bird bled his voice, held it in conversation while his wife got his shotgun, heeded her warning against hunting inside city limits, got in his car, kept honking as he drove slowly into open country, got out, honked again, blitzed the beguiled goose.

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